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The Financial Outlook

By John Pell

The New Year

The lives of supermen progress, I suppose, on an even keel. There is no backing and filling, or turning over of new leaves. New Year's Day is just the first of January to them. But to the rest of us poor struggling mortals, twisted and torn by hope and despair, New Year's Day is a time for starting fresh, making resolutions, rekindling hopes. Months ago we became discouraged about 1931. It was a bad year for most of us. The sooner it ended the better. Now we have started on a new year, and the future is not without promise.

Before laying the memory of 1931 in its grave, I should like to rehearse, briefly, a few of the events which took place during that unpleasant year. At the moment there is a general tendency to interpret these events only in the light of the unpleasantness they caused.

It was a year of falling prices, one of the principal causes of its unpleasantness. Periods of rising prices are periods of prosperity, and vice versa. We are now, however, misjudging the results of falling prices, just as three years ago we were led astray by rising prices. Because the prices of commodities, securities and everything else have been falling steadily for two years, we expect them to continue to do so indefinitely. The reasoning is, of course, absurd. We are nearer the next cycle of rising prices (prosperity) today than we were two years ago. One of the best reasons for bringing about an increase in the price of anything is the fact that it is already cheap.

Last year, needless to say, was a period of deflation. For example, loans on securities reported by the banks belonging to the Federal Reserve System were reduced by two billion dollars. The process of deflation was impeded by political interference but, nevertheless, the progress was marked. We have now become accustomed to being deflated — just as you become accustomed to going around with a toothache — and we expect the process to continue indefinitely, forgetting, of course, that deflation is its own cure. Brokers' loans have been eliminated as a potential danger and real estate loans have been deflated by the drastic process of wiping out the equity, in a great many cases.

The greatest of all inflations, of course, was the inflation of the War. Because the guns had stopped firing, we believed that the War was over, forgetting that it had not been paid for. The day of reckoning was postponed for thirteen years, but it has come at last. During 1931 — the unpleasant year — the attention of the world became focused on the problem of paying for the War. Mr. Hoover's moratorium received wide publicity. During 1932 the problem will probably be worked out, in some sort of fashion. Nobody will be wholly satisfied. The American people will be sacrificed by the greed and selfishness of their leaders, and of everybody else involved. But any kind of a solution will be better than none.

During 1931 there were several climactic events in the world economic war which has been waged with increasing bitterness since Armistice Day. England, and a flock of lesser powers, were forced off the gold standard. Germany was threatened with economic collapse. A fierce attack was made on our gold standard by France. England erected tariff walls, in retaliation to ours. Russia continued to dump commodities on the rest of the world, wherever the most harm could be done.

Perhaps the real solution of the peace problem will be found in the development of economic warfare. Property has always been valued more highly than life. Economic campaigns are certainly as destructive of property as military, and cause at least a

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degree of suffering. France can exult when England is forced off the gold standard, as it did when Germany was forced back to the Rhine.

One curious development of 1931 — a fad you might almost call it — was the practice of hoarding in this country. Between June and October money in circulation increased nearly a billion dollars, a fact which can be accounted for in no other way.

This billion dollars' worth of gold or gold certificates has not been accumulated by misers who love the sight of money but by ordinarily normal individuals driven to this extreme procedure by panicky rumors. This sterile mass of wealth represents potential investing power. It is not, of course, a defense against contingencies, because it will only return to usefulness when its owners are satisfied that there are not going to be any contingencies. But, eventually, it will surely seek reinvestment in the security markets. Since the great majority of hoarders presumably did not sell out until after prices had fallen considerably, it is probable that most of them will not buy their securities back again until after prices have had a substantial rise.

During the closing months of 1931, short selling received a great deal of publicity. There were rumors of a movement in Congress to prohibit the practice, and Mr. Richard Whitney, the president of the New York Stock Exchange, published interesting statistics calculated to demonstrate that short selling is not responsible for the drastic deflation of security prices.

In my opinion, Mr. Whitney's articles told the truth, but not quite the whole truth. His conclusions, as I see them, are based on the premise that the shorts are always right. Unfortunately, nobody who plays the stock market is always right. When shorts are wrong — as they were in the fall of 1928 and the spring of 1929 — they force the market to absurd heights by panicky buying, just as misguided bulls are sold out at ridiculously low figures.

On the other hand, I feel that if there is to be any regulation of short selling, it would be better for it to come from the Stock Exchange itself than from an antagonistic and misunderstanding Congress. The Stock Exchange has conducted its own affairs particularly ably throughout the depression. Its prestige was greatly enhanced by remaining open at the time of the English débâcle. Few of our institutions are so well equipped to handle their own affairs.

Politics

From a business point of view, presidential years are not usually very happy ones. People are careful about making commitments when there is so much uncertainty and dissension in the air. This year, with the chances favoring a change of administration, they will be doubly careful.

Mr. Hoover is in a position to force his renomination. He will undoubtedly exert this prerogative. He is like the quarterback of a football team which has just completed an extremely unsuccessful first half. He believes that he has had bad luck, and that if he is given another chance, he can still win.

In college football, that is where the coach steps in. The feelings of the individual are sacrificed for the welfare of the team — the college if you like. A fresh quarterback takes out the team, a new attack and defense are tried, and sometimes the game is won.

What the Republican party needs is a coach — a final authority who has the interests of the party and of the country at heart. Failing such drastic action, we may look forward to a Democratic Administration.

As I stated a month or so ago, Newton Baker is at present the leading candidate for the Democratic nomination. He appears to have extremely good backing. It is not impossible that some of our industrial and financial potentates, having become reconciled to the likelihood of a Democratic President, decided that at least they would have a hand in picking him.

Railroads

During December the Railroad Finance Corporation began its operations. Its purpose is to lend the profits, made by the stronger roads from increased rates granted them on certain commodities by the Interstate Commerce Commission, to the weaker roads. By this method, receiverships for some of the smaller roads may be averted.

(*Continued on page XII*)

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By Way of Introduction

MAURITZ A. HALLGREN (*What France Really Wants*), an associate editor of *The Nation*, previously served for a considerable period as the State Department correspondent of the International News Service and the United Press, and afterwards as a foreign correspondent of the latter. He has lived many years abroad, especially in France and Germany.

RICE GAITHER (*The Shining Road*) is on the Sunday staff of the New York *Times*. He has published a number of short stories in leading magazines of this country, England and the Continent.

JOHN T. RULE (*Growing Pains of Progress*) is a consulting industrial and civil engineer. Two years devoted to an attempt to apply industrial engineering principles to the manufacture of airplanes suggested this article.

FRANK T. CARTWRIGHT (*Manchurian Muddle*), a Secretary for Eastern Asia in the Methodist Episcopal Board of Foreign Missions, spent some time before college working in coal mine, glass factory and machine shop; and after five years in the ministry, he went to the Orient and spent eleven years living and traveling in China, Japan and Korea.

SARA HAARDT (*The Manor*), who is Mrs. H. L. Mencken, has lived in Alabama and Baltimore, where she graduated from Goucher College. Another story of hers with the South for a setting, *Southern Town*, was published in the October number of this magazine. A year ago she published her first novel, *The Making of a Lady*.

HERBERT BRUCKER (*Success or Failure at Geneva?*) graduated from Williams, received another degree from Columbia, then won a Pulitzer traveling scholarship for 1924–25. He has been a reporter on the New York *World*, a member of the editorial staffs of *World's Work*, and of the *Review of Reviews*, and is now Assistant to the Dean of the School of Journalism at Columbia University.

RICHARD C. WILSON (*Mexico Reaches a Turn*) wrote his first magazine article at thirteen for a poultry publication. He has done newspaper work in many cities, and during his five years with the United Press he managed at various times all of their offices in the Southwest. He accompanied the forces of General Juan Andreu Almazan, in the spring of 1929. Later he went to Mexico City as staff correspondent for the International News Service, remaining there until recently when he returned to the Southwest.

MANLY STEARNS MUMFORD (*Hot Iron*) lived in his youth in various parts of the country from Nebraska to Massachusetts. He has been farm hand, factory worker, and steel mill hand. Later he graduated from Northwestern University, did newspaper work for eleven years, and entered the advertising business.

JOHN WRIGHT BUCKHAM (*Whittling*), a member of the Congregational ministry, has had pastorates at Conway, New Hampshire, and Salem, Massachusetts. For many years he has been a lecturer at universities and an author of books and magazine articles on religious subjects. In 1920 he was Chairman of the Commission on Theology of the International Congregational Council.

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Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

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Apéritif

Tears Kill, Noises Boom . . .

ONE of the few cheap pleasures left in life is following the pursuits of scientists. For instance, in a recent medical symposium at the Institute of Hygiene, Amsterdam, Holland, the learned professors came to a conclusion that the common cold most often results from the patient's getting chilled, and that the best remedies are the ones that come down from antiquity, such as staying in bed, influencing perspiration and so on. New-fangled things, like sprays, drops and inhalators, are apt to be far less effective than their manufacturers, of course, believe. Mr. Hearst is publishing a work whose burden is that a civilization probably higher than our own existed long, long before history dawned, and that we are only now beginning to retrieve the treasures of its knowledge. One hardly knows what to believe.

Then Dr. Lester Hollander of Pittsburg has reported to the American Medical Association the case of a woman whose right eyelid became seriously inflamed for no apparent reason. But by careful ferreting the doctor discovered that the cause lay in her husband's hair tonic, which pervaded the bolster, thence her eye and left a residue of subtle poison, which should serve as some kind of warning. The husband had no trouble.

Sir Arthur Eddington, as probably most people know, contends that the universe can not burst because it is bursting right now and has been for some ten or twenty billions of years — a comfort of immense proportions on the eve of a disarmament conference.

As for MM. J. Constantin, P. Lebard and J. Magrou, they have ascertained by the most arduous investigations that a trip to the mountains is as good for potatoes as it is for some of us. Seed potatoes from strains which had grown for many years in low-lying parts of France were transplanted to highland fields on the slopes of the Alps and there grew just as they would have at home. But then seed potatoes produced on these highland plantations were returned to the lowlands and grew markedly more vigorously. No one knew why, but there it was.

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At St. Mary's hospital in London it was demonstrated beyond doubt that the movies can be good for human eyes, perhaps even human faces. A scientific motion picture was shown of a germ culture under the microscope, to which had been added a droplet of human tears. The germs gave evidence of great distress, swelled, liquefied internally, burst their surface membranes or dissolved, and finally disappeared entirely, proving that tears can kill germs. Never again should you feel like slapping the sentimental lady behind you who cries when the happy ending is not quite yet in sight.

More fun are the inexplicabilities. On the afternoon of November 18 last year citizens along the coast of Holland heard booming sounds and felt vibrations of the earth. There were no thunderstorms, though the sky was overcast, no gunfire practice by warships nearby, no earthquake intense enough to cause the vibration, no evidence of a suggested huge meteor passing over the locality above the clouds. Phenomena called "fog belches" have been heard there before, but never felt to shake the ground. Dr. E. E. Free thinks the affair is likely to join "the considerable list of other mysterious booming noises, whistling sounds, musical tones and so on which have been reported at intervals during past decades and for which no satisfactory explanation has been discovered." Charles Fort will probably have a solution.

Similarly, Dr. Maurice Faure of Nice has discovered data to show that inexplicable suicides and accidents frequently occur in different places at almost the same instant — suicides in which the victims had no motive, accidents in which people's minds apparently ceased to work for a few moments, as drivers who unaccountably fail to see approaching cars. He believes there is evidence that these upsets of mentality coincide with outbursts of the Northern Lights or with other manifestations of earth electricity thought by scientists to depend upon the sun.

Again, there is the case of the invisible policeman — a menacing idea. On October 14 of last year a young student at Oxford drove his car directly into a policeman and killed him. He and three reliable witnesses swore they were unable to see any one in the road until after the collision, when a corpse appeared. Oculists, lighting experts and other scientific men have formulated only one satisfactory explanation, that the background beyond the policeman and toward which the student was driving must have had exactly the same reflective power for light as the clothes of the officer, so that he vanished against it just as an ink spot does on a dead-black wall. Optical illusion, in other words. Prestidigitation, and very hard to believe.

But to get back to more definite practicalities, Dr. B. P. Roth of London has found by scientific investigation (X-ray pictures, studies of stresses and strains) that high heels are better than low. Certain rude critics have intimated that scientists are extraordinarily apt to find the result that they set out to find in an investigation, but no such comment can be made in this case. Dr. Roth, there can be no doubt,

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has been stepped on too often by these healthy but dangerous instruments.

Most useful of all, however, is the discovery of Professor Leslie A. White of the University of Michigan. Emulating Mr. Will Cuppy, he has sought how to tell his friends from the apes. Evolutionists and psychologists regard the difference merely as one of degree — intelligence greater or less, emotions of the same kind but different intensity, skill with tools on different planes. Not so Professor White. *He* says apes can not swear, and he means taking oath. They do not understand the use of symbols, as men do — as politicians do.

Love in Utopia

You will remember reading three weeks or so ago about Mrs. Albert K. Ross who prayed and was sent commandments, forty-seven in number, to apply to her husband. The aim was to put their marriage on a business basis: her husband was to obey them or be reported to a lawyer who would see that the marriage was "forfeited." Rather, the first few offenses would subject the culprit to fine; after the third Mr. Ross had to be good. That Mrs. Ross also bound herself to do certain things, such as "never to be unreasonable in their personal relations," and that she set herself no limit to her own transgressions is proof of the Lord's continuing sagacity.

Nevertheless, her idea was a sound one, which could well be applied to other human relations — the employer-employe, for instance — and with many of her directions taken over bodily. She was to receive a stipulated salary for her own use as return for performing the housework, but with every increase in his income it was to be raised by two-fifths of his increase. How would this be for the worker (wife) in Mr. Eugene (husband) Grace's steel mills when bonus time came around?

One clause read: "That you can never divorce me for any cause whatsoever unless I give my consent." Mr. Wilson says they tried this in the Mexican economy. No employers ever squirmed with such pain, but unemployment was reasonably voluntary.

Another read: "That neither of us shall be compelled to account to the other for our hours apart from each other. That we shall both be entirely free to come and go as we please without explaining our actions to each other unless we wish to do so." Enforce this in business, and funerals, illnesses, weddings and a large crop of other social necessities would slump in a manner that not even the stock exchange could equal.

But this is Utopian, of course. The Ross marriage, instead of being on a solid business foundation, is bankrupt. There is one thing, however, that would be of lasting benefit. A clause near the end of their document read: "That neither of us shall permit any interference in our marital affairs by any friend or relative." And there *are* too many movies about the sad plight of stenographers whose employers have jealous wives.

W. A. D.

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What France Really Wants

By Mauritz A. Hallgren

And an estimate of her ability to get it

It is no longer a question of whether France dominates the European scene. That she surely does. The real question today wears quite another face. We must ask instead: Actually how strong is France? Upon the answer depends in large measure the immediate future of Europe, and perhaps also of the entire world of capitalism.

It must be remembered, first, that France is the most intensely nationalistic country in Europe, and probably can well afford to be under normal economic conditions. French diplomacy has always actively supported French economic interests, both at home and abroad. Moreover, French public opinion is well-disciplined, at least to the extent that all the influential organs of public opinion are either owned or controlled by the industrialists and financiers, who in the last analysis are the real rulers of the country. (No French Government can survive without the consent of the Paris press, that is, without the consent of the industrialists and their bankers. The close watch the French press keeps on the Government was pointedly demonstrated by the French correspondents in Washington during Premier Laval's recent visit.)

Being largely self-sustaining, France feels that she need show little concern for the stability of finances and currencies elsewhere in Europe (and in this France differs radically from England, whose trade depends for its existence upon the maintenance of healthy international exchanges and sound foreign currencies). France sits on her heaps of sterile gold, dipping into them occasionally to dole out financial largess to her political friends (for the sole purpose of keeping them friendly) but otherwise is at no pains to put her gold reserves to work. In fact, her investments abroad are almost exclusively governed by political considerations. She has few, if any, long-term commercial or industrial investments abroad that would necessitate her showing a direct interest in the financial and economic stability of other countries. It is true that France has short-term deposits in several banking centres, but here again political factors are, when convenient, put ahead of economic considerations. The withdrawal of a large portion of her short-term balances from

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Berlin banks in April, 1929, precipitated a near-panic in Germany, but this apparently was the result desired by Paris, for it frightened the German delegation into adopting a less resolute attitude at the Paris Reparations Conference. Two years later French bankers came close to wrecking the Credit Anstalt of Vienna when they withdrew their short-term deposits. The French Government was anxious to bring financial pressure to bear on Austria to compel it to withdraw from the proposed customs union with Germany. A few months thereafter a similar withdrawal of French funds from the Bank of England forced England off the gold standard. The same method was attempted with regard to the gold position of the United States. I feel it safe to presume that this movement was designed to serve both as a warning and as a measure of retaliation for the unannounced American intervention in the reparations question in June of last year.

Quite obviously the French financial policy is being directed toward one general end: that the present position of France in Europe shall be maintained. The position of France is based on existing public law, that is to say, on the several peace treaties that brought the World War to an end. France is strong because she has public law on her side. She is weak because she must support this public law with "sanctions" in the form of her own army and the armies of Czechoslovakia, Jugoslavia, Rumania, and Poland. France must hold her system together, or else she fails. Unhappily, the French system is founded upon a purely negative political philosophy — a common fear of treaty revision. It has no economic basis of broad or enduring consequence; indeed, the lack of an economic basis is now threatening to rend it asunder in spite of the united desire of the allies to prevent any revision of the treaties. So the system must be held together, if at all, with ropes of gold.

FRANCE's task is not an easy one. Several minor mistakes, due perhaps to a feeling of uncertainty, have lately been made in the execution of French foreign policy. Among these may be included the not very carefully considered effort of the Quai d'Orsay to convince the Belgian Parliament that the 1920 treaty with Belgium has only "technical significance." So lame was this explanation that it caused the Jaspar Cabinet to fall ten weeks later, and thus brought about a situation potentially more dangerous from the French viewpoint than had been the original attack on the treaty by the Socialists. About the same time was published the premature announcement of a Franco-Italian naval agreement. The announcement not only completely took in the American State Department, but its inevitable dénouement hurt French prestige in the eyes of the world, and also caused a silly, yet potentially dangerous, war scare. Again, the attitude of France toward Poland has been perceptibly cooler of late, but whether this has been due to "France's disapproval of the violence of the election campaign and of the treatment of minorities in Poland" as one critic has suggested, or to the fear of the Quai d'Orsay that

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France may become involved in military difficulties in the east of Europe (a fear paralleling the rise of Russia as a military power) is rather difficult to say.

But these outward manifestations of nervousness or uncertainty have little to do with the real problem confronting France. They merely suggest a lack of confidence which may be attributed to the existence of the larger problem. It can hardly be denied that the hard times have appreciably weakened French supremacy in Europe, a tendency that has been glossed over by the lavish extension of financial credits. Rumania offers a case in point. The Rumanians can not exchange their agricultural surplus with the French or the Jugoslavians, their political allies. Cereals and like products of Jugoslavia are almost identical with those Rumania produces; France is too far distant to make the purchase and transport of Rumanian (or Jugoslavian) products profitable, and besides France has a highly developed agriculture of her own. Whether it serves French political interests or not, Rumania must turn to other countries, primarily to Germany, when her own economic interests are concerned. Rumania has already given reality to this necessity by entering into a preferential tariff and trade agreement with Germany. (The French, with the help of Czechoslovakia, it may be recalled, tried their best to spike this agreement before it was concluded, and the affair at Cernauti almost brought them success.) The same problem faces Jugoslavia, and to a slightly lesser degree Poland and Czechoslovakia. Italy, for example, took 28.3 per cent of Jugoslavia's exports in 1930; Austria took 17.7 per cent, Germany 11.7 per cent, and Hungary 7.2 per cent, while Czechoslovakia's share was only 8.2 per cent, and France's less than one per cent. In the same year Germany, Austria, Hungary, and Italy furnished Jugoslavia with 51.6 per cent of her imports, while Czechoslovakia, Rumania, Poland, and France supplied her with less than 20 per cent. Poland in 1930 bought 26.8 per cent of her imports from Germany as against 7.5 per cent from Czechoslovakia and 6.8 per cent from France. These figures tell their own story.

It must be considered a misfortune for France that her own economic structure is so well-balanced as to permit of her giving little aid in the way of markets to her satellites, and that the geography of Europe has compelled her to base her system upon a group of countries all but one of whom are situated in the agrarian belt of the Continent. There can be no adequate solution of Europe's economic difficulties until some definitive arrangement is arrived at providing for an equitable exchange of the agricultural produce of Eastern Europe for the manufactured goods of Western Europe. France clearly recognizes the importance of this problem in relation to her own political future. But, unluckily, France's self-sufficiency makes it difficult, if not quite impossible, for her to offer anything of tangible value toward a solution. She is in no position to check the growing economic pressure which is weighing so heavily upon the foundations of her system.

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So long as this pressure remains unchecked France will be in danger. But seemingly the French are not seriously alarmed, at least not yet. Take, for example, their attitude toward the Austro-German customs union project. French foreign policy was determined that this should not succeed, not only because it appeared to be a disguised step toward the much-feared *Anschluss*, but because it openly threatened the integrity of the French system. Under the stress of their own agricultural crises Rumania and Jugoslavia looked with thinly concealed favor upon the project, and Paris found it necessary to buy them off with financial assistance. But neither the loans nor the subsequent defeat of the customs union plan at The Hague removed the cause of Rumanian and Jugoslavian disaffection, or the economic circumstances which had prompted Berlin and Vienna to enter into their ill-fated arrangement. These economic forces are still active, and they will yet play a large part in shaping the course of European history.

OF LATE the allies of France have taken to quarreling among themselves. Poland, through the *Gazeta Polska*, has had more than a few harsh words to say of the commercial policies of the Little Entente countries, particularly Czechoslovakia. Warsaw has demanded that Prague compensate it for the "loss" of its market for hogs. Similar rancor has been displayed toward Jugoslavia and Rumania. On the other hand, Jugoslavia has felt compelled to refuse to buy Polish iron and steel products unless the Poles agreed to take Serbian tobacco in return, and Rumania announced an increase in her tariff on yarns and similar commodities, which threatens to cut heavily into textile imports from Poland. At the Little Entente conference held in Bucharest last June this division among the French allies was emphasized once again. Underneath the discussions there ran a current of heated controversy and rebellion, Rumania and Jugoslavia taking sides against Czechoslovakia (and France) on such questions as the customs union, Russian trade (which has been helpful to the Czechs, but decidedly harmful to Rumanian and Jugoslavian interests) and the various other problems now besetting Europe.

Pertinax, the French political writer, recently reminded us that "discontent obtains in the states of the Little Entente about the weak leadership of France, the empty formula of Pan-European economic assistance recommended by M. Briand, and the harsh conditions imposed by French bankers in the matter of international loans." In order to bring pressure to bear upon France, Pertinax continued, "such men as MM. Benes and Marinkovitch (the Czechoslovakian and Jugoslavian Foreign Ministers) have tried since last January to effect some kind of coöperation with Italy despite their previous antipathy toward fascism." Even Czechoslovakia, as Pertinax suggested, is not wholly satisfied with the present French system, notwithstanding her unquestioned devotion to Paris. Only a year ago President Masaryk intimated that Czechoslovakia would be willing, in the hope that Central

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Europe might thereby be stabilized, to consider a revision of the Hungarian-Czechoslovakian frontier, a suggestion that naturally enough disturbed the Governments in Warsaw, Belgrade, and Bucharest, and was frowned upon in Paris. But why this dissatisfaction among the allies, and why the desire to bring pressure to bear upon France? Clearly because the economic emergency is pulling these countries toward Germany, while France has no counter-attraction with which to offset this tendency — excepting, of course, her almost limitless credit resources. When Poland begins finding fault with Czechoslovakia the French find it convenient to extend a loan of 400,000,000 francs to the Poles to help build the new railway along the Corridor. When Jugoslavia opens negotiations for a reciprocal tariff treaty with Germany the French arrive on the scene with a 675,000,000-franc loan in time to save Belgrade from this "embarrassment." When the Rumanians, having ousted the pro-French Bratianu Liberals, begin flirting with Rome and Berlin the French manage to recapture their sympathy at the cost of a loan of 575,000,000 francs. But these loans are mere palliatives; they do not go to the heart of the complex problem before the Succession States. They are no sufficient compensation for the huge economic losses suffered by the allies of France.

True, the Little Entente countries and Poland are still bound to one another, and to France, by a common fear of treaty revision, but it would be futile to suggest that this tie will keep them permanently together in face of the many economic forces now working to sever that connection. The Hapsburg empire was based upon the Danube valley, which forms a natural and logical economic unit. This region may be incorporated into a single economic unit again some day; in any case there are formidable forces moving in that direction. France can not in the long run hope to stem the tide by her financial power alone.

II

I HAVE suggested that the goal of French financial (and foreign) policy is the maintenance of the *status quo* in Europe. But clearly there is a further and larger goal. A superficial examination of French foreign policy in general, and of Franco-German relations in particular, seems to indicate that France merely wants a binding and permanent guarantee of something vaguely described as "security." But what does France mean by "security"? She has the public law of Europe on her side, she virtually controls the League of Nations machinery, her influence over the World Court is not be to overlooked (as was shown by the customs union decision) and she has the protection of the Locarno agreements. More important, she and her allies could within ten to twelve weeks mobilize more than 150 fully armed and equipped army divisions, which could close in on Germany from three sides. The allies also possess highly developed air forces that could be sent on a bombing expedition into Germany on a moment's notice. Opposed to this gigantic military organization, Germany and her potential associates (or rather former allies) could mo-

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bilize perhaps not so many as twenty army divisions. Furthermore, Germany has no military aviation whatever, no reserves in the way of heavy artillery and trained conscripts, and no important or effective arsenals. It is true that the Reichswehr is exceedingly efficient and could doubtless be rapidly expanded in an emergency. But the German army is small, and no military student believes for a moment that it could withstand a determined French offensive. Indeed, it has been pointed out that "France and her allies could today overwhelm all effective military opposition in Germany without the slightest difficulty and occupy every strategic point in the country."

Nevertheless France, demanding "security," continues to bear down heavily on Germany. Out of the crisis in Germany have come a menacing growth in ultra-nationalism, a widespread demand for repudiation of the Young Plan, a new and potent stimulus for the treaty revision campaign, and a rapidly crystallizing determination to seek armaments equality with France at any price. Every one of these several developments strikes directly at French policy and the French system. But instead of adjusting her policy to meet the patent dangers of this situation, France has remained inflexible. She laid down extremely harsh terms as the price she wished to be paid for the financial assistance she was prepared to render in the German panic of last summer. And here France came close to overplaying her hand. Domestic public opinion was frankly alarmed by the hostility with which the French attitude was viewed, not in Germany, but in the United States and England. Certain French political students thought that France could have met Germany half way and still have retained the upper hand. Among others, M. Lucien Romier insisted that a change in tactics was necessary, while a writer in the intensely nationalistic *Intransigeant* took the same view. This latter writer said that the "Russo-German danger would be a far greater risk for French security than the German danger. The day when these two countries, which are both without money, but one of which has an industry and the other an agriculture, should unite their crises and their forces, France would have something to think about when it would be too late." But French statesmanship continued along its chosen course unmindful of domestic criticism and of the rising temper of the German people.

IN HER determination to obtain what she is pleased to call "security," France came near to wrecking Austria and the Bank of England, even though her tactics disturbed or unsettled the economic and banking systems of several other European countries, and practically reduced her ally, Rumania, to a state of bankruptcy. (Not a single one of Rumania's important banks is solvent today; those that are still open have been taken over by the Government.) France's tactics have also extended to the United States. President Hoover's moratorium proposal of June 20 signalized the arrival of the United States on the European scene, without a warning

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of any sort, and under circumstances distinctly unfavorable to France. It is conceivable that our heavy investments on the Continent would ultimately and in any event have dragged us into transatlantic politics, but we came at a time when France could least withstand the blow of a direct challenge to her financial policy. It is not clear from the evidence available whether official Washington knew precisely what its moratorium gesture implied. The announcement of June 20 was made without advance consultation with France, although Washington surely must have known something of France's deep interest in reparations and must have had at least an inkling of France's political and financial aspirations on the Continent. Moreover, on his recent trip abroad, which was designed partly for the purpose of inquiring into the German situation, Secretary of State Stimson deliberately chose to enter Europe by way of Italy, a gesture toward a rival of France that was not lost upon the rest of Europe, where special political significance is read into every move made by a foreign minister. (The cordial reception by Washington of Foreign Minister Grandi of Italy has been interpreted much in the same light by a far from uninfluential section of the European press, though it is difficult to see how President Hoover and Mr. Stimson could possibly have acted otherwise under the circumstances.) Thus it appeared to Paris that we had consciously ranged ourselves alongside the treaty revisionists and the opponents of the Young Plan, in short, alongside those nations whom France does not number among her trusted friends. Whether this was true or not, our action did have the effect of interfering with the "normal" operation of French policy. France was determined to brook no such interference. (She had finally to acquiesce in the Hoover moratorium, though not until her procrastination had destroyed the psychological value of that gesture, because for the moment her opposition had placed her in bad odor throughout the Western world.)

First came the silent attack on this country's gold position, which in time developed into an open and unashamed campaign of sabotage carried on by the press and numerous bankers. Almost simultaneously (when it was reported that President Hoover was contemplating an extension of the moratorium) dispatches from Paris began to appear in the American press, particularly in the New York *Times*, hinting rather frankly at M. Laval's great desire to discuss the economic situation with Mr. Hoover in Washington. After several of these dispatches had been published, and had been brought to the attention of the White House, the necessary invitation was forthcoming. M. Laval came, talked over a number of things with the President, and returned to Paris with the assurance that the United States would thereafter refrain from interfering in the reparations question. The initiative in making any further adjustment in intergovernmental obligations that "may be necessary covering the period of business depression," the Hoover-Laval communiqué said, "should be taken at an early date

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by the European Powers principally concerned within the framework of the agreements existing prior to July 1, 1931." In compensation for this pledge Hoover and Laval agreed that the gold position of both countries must be safeguarded, in other words, the French attack on the American gold position would cease — and it did cease. But America's interest in the preservation of Germany, and of her immense investments in that country, did not end with this return of the initiative in the reparations question to France.

When MM. Laval and Briand went to Berlin in September they carried with them a proposal for Franco-German economic coöperation. As might have been expected, the proposal aroused the deepest suspicion in almost all political circles in Germany (if we except the relatively few moderates who favor a rapprochement with France at any price). Berlin newspapers who generally speak for the industrialists, such as the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, took fright at the projected arrangement, while the press of the Left was more frank in denouncing the proposal as a trap for making German finance, commerce, and industry the vassals of the French bankers and industrialists. In this reaction may possibly be found a suggestion of what France actually means by "security."

IT IS widely recognized that until France and Germany can come to some sort of understanding there will never be a firm foundation for peace in Europe. But what more can Germany contribute to such an understanding? At first glance it appears that she can give nothing at all, in any case nothing that France might consider of value. Germany has subscribed to all the various treaties of peace, non-aggression, and security (affecting France) that have been put before her. Her responsible statesmen have time and again independently voiced their desire for peace and understanding. The majority of her people have shown themselves similarly disposed. Germany possesses no armaments whatever that could be used offensively against France. She has paid reparations to the limit of her ability (though not without considerable grumbling). She has tried economic coöperation on an impartial basis and has found that an unsatisfactory bridge to an understanding with France. What more can she give? Certainly the Government can not hope to suppress all of the agitation for treaty revision and repudiation of the Young Plan; it would require a completely autocratic dictatorship to accomplish that task. Shall Germany, then, give up the new "pocket" battleships she is building? To most Germans these cruisers represent the last tangible symbol of national honor, even of national existence. To stop building these ships (which can not possibly be considered a threat to French security) would be likely to produce a terrific reaction in Germany; many people would instinctively feel that, deprived of this last tangible symbol, Germany would indeed be without hope, which unquestionably would produce a state of mind dangerous to France.

Nevertheless Germany does have something of tremendous value to

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offer — her modern and extensive industrial plant. The French industrialists and their bankers want, perhaps not to own, but certainly to control, the industry of Germany. They clearly will not be satisfied until they get it. It was for this that the French at Versailles maneuvered so cautiously, only to be out-voted in the end by the British and Americans (who apparently did not suspect the motive lying behind the many French suggestions). It was for this that the Upper Silesian plebiscite was "arranged" so as to give Poland the principal mills and mineral deposits of that district. It was for this that France supported the separatist movement in the Rhineland. It was for this that Poincaré so hopefully rushed French troops into the Ruhr in 1924. It is for this that the industrialists of Northeastern France are financing the campaign of the French press to hold onto the Saar region until the very last moment. And it was in the hope that German industry might thereby be shaken into their laps like a ripe plum that the French last summer dared risk an internal collapse in Germany. When one reads the history of French diplomacy of the last thirteen years, and the history of the various cartel negotiations, and when one studies the propaganda now being put out with a view to creating sentiment for a Franco-German customs union (which would amount to a pooling of German industrial and French financial interests, Germany having the industrial plant, which is fast approaching bankruptcy, and France possessing the financial means with which to put that plant on its feet — upon terms dictated by the bankers of Paris!), one gets a very clear picture of what France means by "security." It is not necessary to impute personal or greedy motives to the French industrialists to understand this desire on the part of France. It is simply that France is well aware that a healthy and strong national economy inevitably means a healthy and strong, and therefore dangerous, nation. It is not enough that Germany should be disarmed in a military sense; she must also be disarmed in an economic sense, and France can now see no other way of accomplishing this except by capturing control of German industry. The loss of her colonies, her merchant fleet, the mineral deposits of Alsace-Lorraine, the Saar, and Upper Silesia, the mills and factories of these same districts, and the harbors of Memel and Danzig; the derangement of her agricultural economy by the establishment of the Polish Corridor; and the heavy drain on her national economy imposed by the reparations payments, have not been sufficient to reduce Germany to that state of permanent economic servitude so essential to French "security."

III

In the execution of her policy France is largely fighting against time. It is a serious question whether the depression will destroy her system of alliances before it has achieved its purpose. Moreover, France's gold power is a two-edged weapon that is spreading seeds of disaster which may before long overtake France herself. By using the financial whip against Germany the French have

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succeeded only in stirring up nationalistic sentiment of a character which in itself is menacing enough to French interests. But in attempting to bring Austria to her knees, and later in attempting, let us say, to discipline the Bank of England, the French tended to harm themselves in a much more direct way. Foreign currencies were heedlessly pulled down, banking systems ruined, international exchange rates depreciated, and the international exchange machinery of Central Europe all but "frozen." French trade has been greatly impeded; already the consequences of this blind policy are being felt in France, particularly in the sharp decline in industrial activity, and the rapid growth in unemployment. Moreover, the Bank of France is today technically bankrupt; its assets abroad are frozen; it can not liquidate any of the large loans it has placed in Rumania, Jugoslavia, Czechoslovakia, or Poland; its gigantic stores of gold are sterile, not returning to the bank a single *sou* in the way of profit. If it is France's ambition to dominate a financially ruined Europe, she must hasten to realize that ambition before she herself is ruined.

There is perhaps a greater threat to France and her system arising in another quarter. That has to do with the growing military power of Russia. How strong Soviet Russia has grown of late in this respect can only be guessed. Yet it is certain that the U.S.S.R. is spending now approximately $600,000,000 annually on armaments, while a large part of its industrialization programme has been designed with an eye to military factors. Not only does this greatly augment the potential strength of a combination of dissatisfied states against France, a combination that might even today outweigh the French system were it to come into actual existence, which is far from being a remote probability, but the very presence of such a heavily armed neighbor can not but have its effect on the attitude of certain allies of France, particularly Poland and Rumania. With France some distance away, but with Russia on one side of her and Germany on the other, Poland, for example, must certainly desire to reach an understanding with one or the other of these two potential enemies lest she be crushed between them. That she has expressed no such desire, but continues to cling hopefully to France, may be attributed more to Pilsudski's ancient hatred for Russia than to any lack of understanding of the problem on the part of her people. France, however, appreciates the seriousness of this problem, which is indicated not alone by the recent comments of several French political writers, or by the somewhat cooler attitude France has been showing toward Poland. France's anxiety has also been revealed by her proffer of a pact of non-aggression to Moscow, and by her request that Warsaw enter into a similar arrangement with the Soviet Government. The Poles promptly opened negotiations with Russia, although they had allowed an identical proposal from Moscow to lie unanswered for more than four years.

It would hardly be incorrect to say that the strength of France has been largely negative, that, indeed,

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it is more apparent than real. France can not stop the economic depression, which is threatening not only her allies (and thereby the "sanctions" upon which rests the *status quo* of Europe) but her own economy as well. She has barely managed, with such financial strength as she has, to keep these allies faithful and obedient. She has done nothing to prevent the rise of German nationalism, but has in point of fact so manipulated her foreign policy as to have directly contributed to this distinct menace to her position. Furthermore, France can not prevent the rise of Russia as a military power, which constitutes another menace to the French system and therefore to Europe. France might, as the London *Times* has suggested, turn from her policy of selfishness and use her gold power "as far as possible to save the world from further confusion." She might also come to terms with Germany on a basis that would leave that country economically as well as politically independent. But here again France has shown weakness, moral weakness, rather than strength. It is conceivable, of course, that France might achieve her purpose and gain control of German industry without pulling down European economy in the process, but it is hardly likely that she could do this without arousing American opinion against her. American citizens control more than one large industrial enterprise in Germany; their investments in that country total three billions of dollars. One can not imagine these American investors sitting idly by while French industrialists and financiers are assuming control of the German industrial plant. And therein perhaps lies the greatest and most effective limitation to French strength, and the most serious obstacle to the realization of French policy in Europe.

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The Shining Road

By Rice Gaither

A Story

It was four o'clock and there was still a pile of unanswered letters on his desk when Raine got up out of his swivel chair to fling open the window. It was four o'clock and he ought immediately to have sat down again. But there was something refreshing in the light spring air. A breeze swept in from the marshes across the river, rent the curtain of smoke which habitually hung over the city, and came to him faintly laden with the sulphurous odor of burning coal. Some people didn't like the smell of smoke, probably. But Raine. . . . He walked back to his desk, picked up a bit of brass that did not look like a paperweight and stood regarding it curiously. Then at a knock on his door he put it down swiftly. "Come in," he muttered, getting into his chair again to scowl at letters. Oddly, however, when he felt the presence of the girl beside him, "Nothing this afternoon, Miss Dean," he said shortly, without looking up. And when he felt himself alone again he lay back indolently. He lay back and drowsed. Then, though but a moment ago he had been quite certain that she had gone out and closed the door, he seemed to see her standing beside his desk and to hear her voice like a gramophone.

"Here's that letter from the lumber people, Mr. Raine."

"Yes, I know," he said defensively, and his voice, too, was queer. "But I'm tired now. I'll attend to it tomorrow."

Exactly as if she hadn't heard him, Miss Dean pulled up a chair and sat down to the drawer leaf of his desk. She put her pad and pencil on it and handed him the letter.

"This is important," she said. "Those people are shipping sappy piling for the new docks. We can't have that."

The typed lines of the lumber people's letter ran drunkenly together. But he remembered now. Piling. They were shipping sappy piling and he'd have to put a stop to it.

"Dear Sir," he began obediently. "Your favor of the eighteenth. We can not —" But it was very difficult for him to go on. The air from the open window was like ether. He couldn't get his mind on the words. They slipped into each other and sounded queer. However, he let them go, for he was very tired,

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and he wanted terribly to be let alone.

"That's all," he assured her when she did not get up.

She sat there staring at his paperweight.

"That's a queer thing for you to have on your desk," she remarked. "What is it?"

"That," said Raine, feeling that she presumed, "is the throttle to an old engine. I used to run a locomotive, Miss Dean."

"You should have a proper paperweight," said Miss Dean, putting out her hand for the bit of brass.

Raine beat her to it, dropped the paperweight into a drawer and turned the key on it.

"Oh, no," he told her as quietly as he could, and then, rather ridiculously, "It's all I've got left." But he managed the voice of authority. "And now, Miss Dean, if you'll just telephone for my car . . ."

He hoped he could sit there and rest while his car was on the way, but no sooner was Miss Dean gone than Tufts came in with something about a mortgage loan. He came in trailing papers and put them under Raine's nose. It took Raine a long time to get to the bottom of the pile, but he finally did and penciled his initials on the yellow slip. Tufts was hardly gone, however, when the telephone tinkled.

"Oh, it's you, Rose . . . Yes, yes, all right. I know. We are dining out."

ROSE was not there when he reached home, though it was past six by the tall clock in the long room. It seemed to him that she was never there any more, what with bridge and the symphony orchestra. There was a soft lamp in the library and beside it his evening journal. But of course they weren't going to let him read.

"Did Mrs. Raine telephone you — ?" began the maid, coming up behind him in that annoying manner she had of never making a noise until she spoke.

"She did," said Raine. He threw his cigar into the fire and went upstairs to dress.

Rose came in while he was dressing and was waiting for him when he went down again. Through the vellum shade of the lamp behind her, a warm glow fell on her autumn hair and the round arm that lay on the elbow of the davenport in front of the fire. A cloud of something floated airily about her shoulders. She was quite beautiful, was Rose. But she did not look up when Raine came into the room. She was reading. He went over and stood beside her, waiting for her to speak. But it was he who finally broke the silence.

"Going out," he said.

"Yes. Why not?"

Her assumption of power over his evenings angered him. Also he saw the paper she was reading. It was a letter from the leader of an orchestra in New York who wanted to help with the symphony. Raine hated horns and violins and drums beating out of tune.

"I'm tired," he said defiantly.

She lifted her face toward him then and after the moment in which she seemed not to see him, asked: "Why don't you take a rest?"

"Rest?" he echoed bitterly, still seeing the pile of papers on his desk. She was a fine one to be talking

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about rest — dragging him out after a hard day. Then: "Oh, I don't know."

He walked up and down the hearth-rug toying with the idea. It was too late for Palm Beach, too early for Maine or Michigan, and as for those Carolina golf places . . . Only he was going to have to get away. He was going to have to leave that pile of letters just as they lay on his desk — with the paperweight on top of them. Miss Dean was right. It was a queer thing for a man to have kept. He almost had a memory of a place he'd like to go. But it eluded him.

The car was waiting for them at the bottom of the terraces. It was a closed car. The chauffeur was holding the door for them. Raine helped Rose in among the cushions. He was about to follow her when by some strange impulse he stopped suddenly.

"You don't mind if I drive," he said.

He could see that she didn't want him to. But it was rather nice sitting out in the wind. It rested him, somehow. He put a foot on the starter and when there was a responsive whir, switched on the head-lamps. They made a white path through the dark.

"Ever been in the cab of a locomotive?" he asked his chauffeur.

"No, sir, I never have."

It was strange how memories came crowding back on him tonight. There at the wheel of his car he could absurdly fancy the track lilting and swaying under him, the twinkle of red and green and yellow lights telling him where the yard ended and the open road began: the long straight road. Almost he could see the bright converging lines of steel shimmering before him as the white glare of the headlight tunneled the dark. Almost he could hear the clarion of the locomotive's blast flung back from far hills across swamps; almost feel the breath of rivers, sheening, opaque at dawn.

It was hot in the Montstuart house. The room smelled of orange peel. A blue haze hung over it. But through the smoke he could see faces. There was Starke of the First National and Travis of the Machine Works and Pharr of the Cotton Mills. He hated Starke. Starke spoke in a mincing manner about the Little Theatre.

And the women? They had loud voices and they drank too much. All except one. She had never been there before. She had a soft voice and eyes like blue flame. He took her out to dinner and told her about a brown little house he and Rose used to live in when he ran the engine. There was a grape arbor in the yard and a rose trellis over the front gate. And the engine? It had been beautiful, running the engine. He told her about the absurd donkey that had got on the pilot one night and wouldn't get off on any account. She laughed and clapped her hands and it was lovely until he realized that the whole crowd was listening.

Starke said: "Fancy that," and Rose looked white about the mouth.

Rose and Starke went off together after dinner. Through the arch of the doorway he could see them sitting in the cushioned corner under the stairs. They talked very earnestly together, and every now and then they looked at him. Perhaps they were talking about the symphony

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orchestra or the Little Theatre. Or perhaps . . . He knew it had been a mistake for Rose to marry him. Though they had been quite happy at first. The wheels of his locomotive had had a song about the shade under the grape arbor and the vine over the gate . . .

The woman whose eyes burned like blue flame slipped her hand through his arm and drew him out on the terrace under the stars.

"I believe you'd like to go back," she said when they were quite alone.

"I — I've always wanted to go back," Raine answered strangely. "How could you know?"

"I know," she said simply; and they walked together under the trees.

It was while driving home that he knew all at once about Rose and Starke. And his knowing like that without being told was less strange to him than his not having known before. He'd go away, of course. In a way it would be a relief for him to get back to his engine. No more pushing buttons, writing letters, working to get money. But he was sorry for Rose, sorry it was to a man like Starke that she must look for happiness, sorry for his own inadequacy. He wanted at least to tell her that before he left.

"I'm sorry, Rose," he said, "sorry about leading that old donkey into your perfect dinner party."

"Oh, I suppose it doesn't matter," answered Rose. "We're definitely placed, aren't we?"

He was surprised to see that the car had already drawn up at the porte-cochère and that Rose was standing on the step out under the bracketed light. He climbed down and went into the house with her. He wondered if he ought to kiss her good-bye, but she would have noticed if he had. He went upstairs and put on a gray suit and tossed some things into a bag. When he came down again, the house was dark. He found the lamp in the library, however, and wrote Rose a note. He opened the front door and closed it behind him. Then he walked five miles to the office.

The old watchman took Raine up in the night elevator and switched on the office lights for him.

"I shan't be long," said Raine sitting down in front of his desk.

It seemed to him that his mind worked with extraordinary clarity, as if he had been planning for a long time to go away. After all, things were in good shape. True, there were a lot of letters, but they were mostly silly things that Miss Dean could do. If he had been going to die instead of beginning to live again, his business would have gone on. Loans would mature and be paid, lands would be bought and sold, dividends piled up.

He shut his desk — for the last time — but did not lock it. Somebody else would be sitting there tomorrow. Tufts would take charge, of course. Raine tentatively picked up the paperweight. But he decided not to take it. The new engine would have a throttle, certainly. He pulled the office door to behind him, ran lightly down seventeen flights of steps and made off in the direction of the railroad yards.

HE HAD no trouble at all in finding the place he wanted, because on either side of the doorway there was a lamp — two eyes of red and green like lanterns on the rear of

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trains that go rushing past in the night. Raine went familiarly up the dim stairs until he came to a room in which there were a pine table and two hard chairs, a spittoon on the rough floor and on the walls some lithographs in color.

In one of the chairs sat a man in a blue shirt and a black silk cap. He had a peg leg that stuck out in front of him, a sandy mustache, and, in his teeth, a short straight pipe. By the light of a switchman's lantern he was writing with a pencil in a ledger on the table. At Raine's step the pipe came down and the hand that laid it on the table swung the lantern up in a slow arc. Steely blue eyes peered into Raine's and then lit suddenly.

"Hello, Eph," said Raine, "What engine have you got for me?"

Eph said, "Why, the same one, I reckon, Sam. Only she's out at Franklin. You'd have to go out and bring her in."

"Yes, of course," said Raine.

He did not particularly enjoy the ride in the Pullman out to Franklin; but when he swung off the train there was a sweet smell in the air, and dawn showed in the east where there were fields and trees pushing the town from under a pink sky. A little way down the track he could see the roundhouse. His old engine was there. Perhaps even now they were putting fire under her boilers. He crossed the square to the hotel and at the counter drank a steaming cup of coffee. Then he sat down on the sunny balcony to smoke. Now that he was here he was in no hurry to go away again. He thought he'd have a walk through the old town before he reported for duty.

It was a lovely time of year to be back in Franklin. Trees quivered with bird voices, weeds sparkled with dew, the smell of earth came pungent from plowed-up fields. The huckleberry bushes were putting out new red buds. And he knew a field where there was a gully floored with white sand and walled with yellow jessamine. Soon the wild plums would be in bloom, and peach trees in the orchards. Then would come summer and bathing in the river. Raine wondered idly if the further slope of the sand hill would seem hot to bare feet. Summer, then frost and muscadine . . .

It was noon when he got back to the hotel, but still he felt no hurry. A Negro in a soiled white coat was ringing a noisy bell on the porch, and Raine could smell food. He wasn't hungry, and yet a want of some sort crept into the bright day. Then Raine looked up from his chair in the lobby and saw the Negro in the soiled coat holding out an envelope to him. The envelope was big and square and creamy. And inside was a note signed Helen. Strange he hadn't known her name. The note said: "Can you come at three o'clock? I'll be waiting at the brown little house you told me about — with the grape arbor in the yard and the vine over the gate."

Her being near seemed natural enough, but the hour she named startled him. Three o'clock? Why, it was three already.

It seemed to him that he made haste very slowly along the railroad tracks, for it was hot there. But through the sheltered lane he was able to go faster. So that it was only a little after three when he ran up to the door and knocked. Oddly the

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door was shut and there were dead leaves in a drift against it. He went calling around the house. And when he found the other door shut fast he beat on it. Surely she hadn't come and gone. She would have waited half an hour. He took the note out of his pocket and read it again. Three o'clock, it said, and at the brown little house with the grape arbor in the yard.

Perhaps she was a little late herself. He sat down on the steps to wait for her. But there was something wrong about the place. He passed his hand over his eyes and looked again. There was no arbor in the yard. The lawn had grown up in weeds and there was only a tangled mass of green where the arbor used to be. He ran out into the yard and picked up one of the fallen posts. It crumbled in his hand. When he looked up at the house he found it gray, not brown. He ran quickly to the gate. There was no vine. The weeds had choked it and it had died.

Uneasiness grew upon him as he left the place; and when he came to the tracks again and saw the roundhouse below the station, he began to run. Suppose Eph hadn't sent the telegram! Suppose they hadn't put fire under the boilers of Raine's engine!

Things had certainly gone to pieces since he left the company. It was dark inside the roundhouse and he stumbled. After a bit, however, his eyes grew accustomed to the dimness and he could see the rails all corroded with rust, and the sort of grass that can live without sun growing up in the black earthy floor. The shed seemed almost empty. He thought for a moment the old engine wasn't there. But yes, he saw it now, standing in its accustomed place. It was quite cold, however. He looked about for somebody to complain to; but there were strangely no people in the roundhouse. Raine had to go outside and walk a long way to the office of the master mechanic.

"Eph didn't telegraph?" he asked, trying to keep the annoyance out of his voice.

"Oh, yes, we have a telegram," admitted the master mechanic, "but I'm not sure the men are going to stand for this. There are a lot of firemen waiting around for that job."

"Oh, that'll be all right," Raine assured him. "I know the boys'll be glad to have me back on my old run."

But when he looked about him at the men loafing in the master mechanic's office, he recognized none of the old faces. And when he walked up to the railing of the dispatcher's office and looked through the register, the signatures, even the numbers of trains and engines seemed strange. After some searching of the leaves, he found Strong's name and Adams's. Strong and Adams, however, had never been friends of his, and even they were at the opposite end of their run. He looked eagerly for Bob Small's bold handwriting. Not finding it, he asked a young man in a green eyeshade.

"Small?" repeated the young man doubtfully. "I don't know any engineer by the name of Small."

Raine turned back to the master mechanic, his annoyance getting the better of him.

"Are you or are you not," he demanded, "going to fire up my engine?"

"Well," said the master mechanic,

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"to be perfectly frank with you, that old engine hasn't got a throttle."

Throttle? Raine seemed to remember something about a throttle. Good God, he hadn't left it on his desk, had he? How could he have come without the throttle to his engine? He couldn't go back and get it now. Tufts and Miss Dean would make him sit down at his desk and Miss Dean would pull out the drawer leaf and make him write letters. Even if he slipped back at night, the watchman would be on guard. The whole town would be looking for him, probably. Besides, there wasn't time. He wanted the throttle now — this moment.

"It seems to me," said Raine reasonably, "that we could find another throttle."

"We could, of course," agreed the master mechanic. "But if you haven't got it, how do I know you're Raine."

RAINE stole back to the roundhouse. He was grateful for the blackness now. He was very careful not to make a noise stumbling over the rusty rails to the old engine. He climbed into the tender. Yes, there was coal. He got down again and fumbled in the segment where they used to keep light wood. He carried three heavy pieces into the cab and opened the fire box. He struck a match and the fat caught. By the light of the flame he could see the water gauge. The boilers were half full. Very quietly he put in some lumps of coal, and, when they were hot, threw on some dust. Slowly the steam rose. He found the oil can under the driver's seat, and, getting down out of the cab, filled all of the oil cups. Then it was time to throw on more coal.

He could hear voices, and a screen door flapped on one of the office shanties. But he was well hidden there in the dark. He lit a lantern and went over the engine from pilot to tender coupling. She was in remarkably good shape. Then he got back into the cab and took his seat. He sat there staring at the lever which had no handle, sat there wondering what he should do next. For now it was getting dark outside. Through the wide door he could see the switch-lamps come out like stars — yellowish white stars that pointed to the open road, the white shining road, stretching through night into the dawn.

It was strange that he should have come back without that handle for the throttle. Why had he kept it through all the years if only to leave it useless and absurd on the polished surface of his desk? An engine throttle should be on an engine. His hand groped for the sleek brass only to find itself impotent on the stumpy lever with its intractable rod.

Could he move that rod? His disused fingers were like water. But the steam stood high in the gauge in front of him, and the engine panted. He pulled again. The rod seemed to yield a little, but the lever held fast. He pulled until pain blinded him and he could no longer see the white beckoning lights. His fingers — were they strong enough? He put his whole weight against them. Then suddenly with a roar the engine shot forward out of the roundhouse and was speeding along shining rails.

The air revived him. It was like that — wind in a man's face. The

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light of his locomotive made a white path through the dark. The black wall of the woods glistened as he went rushing past. Little towns with high steeples slept in quiet valleys. A city shone on a far hill and a lake glittered under a crescent moon.

He was glad now that he had come back. It seemed strange that he had stayed away so long. What a place his office was! He almost disbelieved that pile of letters — yellow and white sheets stacked up nearly to the ceiling. And one was never able to open a window for fear they would blow away. Funny that anybody should have wished to keep them from blowing away. The truth was he had been afraid of Miss Dean. Absurd, but true.

He had been afraid of Miss Dean. And of course he had always known how Rose felt toward his engine. It was Rose who had really taken him away from it. He would have stuck to her, too, if it hadn't been for Starke. The rhythm of wheels singing of shade under a grape arbor and vine over a gate came to him sadly now. But still the wind blew in his face. He loved rivers in which stars shine, and the echo of a siren flung back from mountains across marsh . . .

Raine got down out of his driver's seat and began to throw coal on the fire. He had always considered it dangerous for an engineer to leave his seat, and yet, a moment ago, the road had seemed clear. There was, to be sure, a certain luminosity beyond the reach of the headlight where the shining rails seemed to converge, and now, when he went back to the lookout, it had grown larger and brighter. But even now it was only something which he could not explain, and he finished firing before he took his place again.

Raine had thought at first it was the sun. But a glance at his watch showed him that the time was only a little after midnight. There were clouds ahead like smoke, or there was smoke like clouds. The bottom of the clouds was red with a reflected light. He couldn't see the light — not quite. But a sort of fear came over him. Had he been right to come out on the road alone? What signals had flashed past him when he had left his seat? And what was that strange red eye that came up over the horizon?

It was a train. He knew now. In half a moment it would be upon him, unless he could pull back that lever with the missing handle. Stop. He had to stop. He had to bring the engine to a stop and then reverse it. Sweat broke from his brow as he put out his hand for the throttle, groped blindly for the rod, the stiff, obdurate rod. He grasped it, pulled. He put his weight upon it. But of course it stuck. He tried to pull the rod as if it had a brass handle on it. But his fingers melted like ice. He shut his eyes . . .

THE débris of the collision was still falling with an amazing, an unreal legerity, when Raine opened his eyes. It seemed to him that the air was filled with white and yellow sheets. Letters. He could see now that they were letters. And he was leaning back in a swivel chair in front of an open window. There was a red ball in front of him as the low sun hung over the marshes on the other side of the river.

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He blinked at the familiar room. There it all was, just as he had left it: the smooth mahogany of his desk, the architect's drawing of the Raine building, the map of that land down on the lake which he had drained and terraced. And a moment ago he had been rushing toward death. He must have been asleep. But if he had been asleep, why was he so tired? And why did he wish to sleep again, to dream that old dream of pain and death? Of woods and fields and the empty house and the shining road on which a man may die?

Letters. It was really too late for work. Only there was something he must do if he could remember what it was. He pushed the buzzer on his desk and watched Miss Dean come in and pick up the sheets scattered all over the floor and put them in a neat pile on the corner of his desk.

Miss Dean, waiting, pointed to something in his hand.

"Oh, that," said Raine, giving her the bit of brass that did not look like a paperweight. After she had put it on the pile of letters, he said: "Miss Dean, did I give you that letter to the lumber people?"

"No, Mr. Raine. You told me there was nothing more today."

"I'm sorry. Do you mind?"

It was a long letter. But he finished it somehow. He locked his desk, took up his hat and topcoat and answered the telephone which tinkled.

"Yes, yes," he said. "I know. We're dining out."

Rose wasn't at home when he got there. But she came in while he was fussing with his tie and was waiting for him in the drawing room when he finally got dressed. She had her back to him, but he could see over her shoulder that she was reading a brochure on the Little Theatre.

"Where are we going tonight?" he asked, trying to keep the bitterness out of his voice. "I'm very tired."

"We're going to the Montstuarts'," Rose answered without turning. "Why don't you take a rest?"

He walked up and down the hearth-rug toying with the idea. It was a little too late for Palm Beach, a little too early for Maine or Michigan, and as for those golf places in the Carolinas . . .

"Oh, I don't know," he said after a moment. "Where is there to go?" Then he cleared his throat and began: "Rose —"

Rose said: "You were a little late tonight. Don't you think we'd better be starting?"

He helped her into her coat and followed her to the car. It was the landau. The chauffeur was holding the door for them. Raine handed her in among the cushions.

"Mind if I drive?" he asked. And though she answered only, "That's rather a queer idea, isn't it?" he took his place beside her.

It was hot in the Montstuart house. After dinner Rose and Starke went off together and sat in the corner under the stairs. Raine looked about him for a moment. The room, loud of voice and smelling of orange peel, was hazed with smoke. Unnoticed, he pushed open the door that led out to the terrace. There in the starlight he stood a long time waiting. But no one came. He walked along under the dim trees.

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Growing Pains of Progress

By John T. Rule

The twin forces, invention and mass production, which have brought about the Machine Age, contain the seeds of each other's dissolution

The history of applied science in industry has been, and always should be, the history of the replacement of useful products by others of superior utility. In the past it has been possible for us to hail the advantages of the new while ignoring the pains caused by the decline of the old, but under our modern capitalistic structure the latter are rapidly becoming a major obstacle to progress. It is time we realized their nature and gave them the attention they require.

That the process of replacement is continually taking place, without any general realization of its extent, can be shown by a striking example. Last fall ten freight cars constructed of high strength aluminum alloy were put in service on a Middle Western railroad. They have greater strength and larger capacity than their equivalent steel brothers. Each weighs, empty, eight and one-half tons less and is therefore capable of carrying eight and one-half tons additional pay load. It is estimated that this will mean an added earning of $1,200 per year per car. At this rate these cars will pay for their added cost in less than three years. They are therefore a decided economy.

This is but one item in the substitution of aluminum for steel. Reduction in weight means a reduction in inertia. Less weight and less inertia mean more power and less operating cost for any moving part. Consequently every steel machine that involves motion is subject to improvement on this point by the substitution of aluminum. In 1930 thirty-eight per cent of all aluminum produced in this country went into transportation, that is, into automobiles, street cars, railroads, airplanes, and boats. The all-aluminum motor is a well advertised example. The aluminum truck body and the aluminum street car have already established themselves.

Also in 1930 the first handbook of structural aluminum was issued. It was patterned after, and gave comparable data to, similar steel handbooks of the last quarter century from which every building of any size has been designed. On the Empire State Building in New York about seven hundred thousand

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pounds of aluminum spandrels replaced two million pounds of steel usually used for the purpose.

The inference is certainly not that aluminum will entirely replace steel but that certain particular functions formerly fulfilled by steel are definitely being taken over by the lighter metal. Even at present price differences this superiority is recognized. Since the introduction of modern methods of extracting the metal from its ore the price of aluminum has dropped from $755 per ton in 1905 to about $470 per ton at present. As the price differential becomes less the fields where the substitution is feasible will become more numerous.

Aluminum is also making serious inroads into the domain of copper. High tension lines formerly exclusively copper are now, above 30,000 volts, about sixty per cent aluminum. There are at present over 300,000 miles of aluminum transmission lines in this country.

It is, of course, impossible to determine how far this encroachment will continue. Certainly there are uses of both steel and copper that can never be acquired by any other metal. But the fact remains that a product that is superior for certain specific purposes is forcing out an established, but inferior one. The latter must either develop new fields, replacing something else, or suffer a contraction in demand.

RESEARCH and inventive genius have produced the innumerable products, machines, and methods that make up our modern life. Each year brings forth its crop for doing better that which is already being done competently. The advantages offered by electricity and oil demoralized the coal industry and presented the world with a major industrial problem. The plight of the coal miner is a blight on our civilization, and the financial distress caused by the depreciated value of plant and equipment within the industry has been a contributory cause to our economic ailments. The advantages of the gasoline engine destroyed horse raising and the carriage and harness industries. The cheapness of rayon has played havoc with silk. The advantages of concrete and brick have sharply limited the uses of wood. In the field of machines and methods the bus, the truck, the automobile, and the pipe line are strangling the railroads. More elementary still, the superiority of machinery over human hands has pauperized the small farmer and filled our cities and towns with the unemployed.

Naturally, there is a reasonable expectation that the superior of the present will, in turn, be displaced in the future. The development of the Diesel engine is a potential threat to the manufacture of gasoline. The dirigible threatens the ocean liner. More obscurely, the vegetable fibre, ramie, eight times as strong as cotton or silk, has been known for 2,000 years but its commercial decortication has baffled generations of research men. It is said that many fortunes have been squandered in attempts to solve this problem. In the 'Eighties the French Government had a standing offer of $25,000 for a workable method or machine. An amazingly simple solution, though as yet unexploited and commercially

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unproven, has recently been reported. The possibility of its success may be dynamite to cotton, rayon, and silk.

Fantastic stories of marvelous discoveries that have been suppressed by threatened industries have been in circulation for years. There is the persistent report of an incredibly cheap motor fuel, the right to which was purchased and suppressed by a leading oil company. There was the powerful electric battery that could be recharged in one or two minutes that would have established the electric auto and replaced every filling station with a charging station. An oil company supposedly suppressed this also. Though such tales are more probably fiction than truth, their existence is due to the recognition of the possibilities of a new product bringing a fortune to the inventor and disaster to an established industry. They symbolize the concentrated dreams of hundreds of inventive minds that are constantly striving toward some such discovery.

Further examples either actual or potential are unnecessary. Every schoolboy knows innumerable industrial substitutions from the semi-faddish — mercurochrome for iodine — through the utilitarian article — lamp chimneys and oaken buckets are nearly gone — up to the major industry.

When the American Indian became acquainted with the rifle the manufacture of arrow heads was doomed. In its primitive way this was the first American industry to be forced into the discard by the introduction of an inherently superior product. It was not a very painful readjustment. It involved no army of stockholders and financial houses having a monetary interest in arrow factories, and having sufficient voice, backed by voting power, to enlist legislative and financial discrimination in protecting its "rights" and "interests." It involved no expensive chipping tools, no machinery for making chipping tools, no flint quarrying equipment, no quarry machinery manufacturing plants. It involved no "Flint Chippers Union" whose members, being forced out of their chosen work by the decrease in demand, could, or would, do nothing else of a lucrative nature and consequently drifted into starvation or the acceptance of charity — eventually to be questioned and annoyed by voluble political and social committees who succeeded only in obtaining a little notoriety for themselves.

No such problems arose. The flint chipper, being also a farmer, hunter and fighter, simply ceased chipping flint, threw his chipping bone away and did a little more farming, hunting, and fighting, plus rifle cleaning. Probably the champion chippers lost a little personal prestige. Certainly an interesting technique was relegated to archeology. But that was all. The rest was gain. Such are the advantages of simplicity.

Even so short a time ago as the appearance of the first automobile the decline of the carriage industry was a fairly simple process. The problems that confronted the manufacturer were undoubtedly extremely difficult, but his distress did not spread far beyond his own industry.

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His business died a lingering death but it was possible for him to salvage the wreckage by converting his plant and machinery to the manufacture of automobiles. If he failed to do this, the suffering was confined to a limited number of stockholders. His working men were capable of finding and performing other work. Thus the number who suffered, while by no means negligible, was still so limited as to cause very little disturbance to our national structure. We reveled in the superior advantages obtained from the automobile and were able to forget the moderate amount of tragedy involved in the passing of the carriage and the horse.

So simple a solution is no longer possible. The specialization and intricate fabrication of our modern industrial and financial world has brought about a condition where such replacements cause a dislocation to the entire structure that seriously mitigates their advantages.

In the first place intense specialization makes it impossible for men trained in one field to be of equivalent use in any other. One of the outstanding phenomena of American life is the thoroughness of the individual's knowledge of his own business, as contrasted with the meagreness of his information and curiosity and his consequent lack of understanding of other subjects. The steel man knows his steel but, with exceptions, that is all he knows. Our investment bankers, undoubtedly financial experts, when forced into contact with production, are the bane of the production man's existence because of their quite general inability to grasp production problems. The coal miner, unable to get work, still remains a coal miner. The technical man, physicist, chemist, metallurgist, is a complete nonentity in strange surroundings.

Years of experience in the specific, narrow field of a particular job are the prime requisite for obtaining a position in industrial America. The young man can not take life and work as he finds it. He must either choose, or be thrust into, a definite, narrow channel long before he can attain breadth or understanding enough to enable him to adjust himself to any changing business perspective. Financially he must specialize or die. The rigorous attention demanded by modern competition forces him to know so little beyond his job that he must cling to the one thing throughout his lifetime regardless of the conditions in his field, for he is on the level of a common laborer, and an incompetent one at that, in any other.

The threatened contraction of a major industry thus creates a man power that, not only to maintain the calibre of its existence, but to protect its very life, is forced to interpose every conceivable obstacle in the path of progress. Nor is it possible or desirable to abandon such men to their own devices. Their very presence in our business world is a disruptive force to so delicate a mechanism.

In the second place, equally intense specialization of plant and machinery is absolutely essential in producing any one specific product efficiently and economically. The modern factory is a one-purpose factory. Its value and the value of the machinery in it are usually

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quite negligible for any other use than that for which it was designed. Almost without exception every building now constructed for industrial manufacture is designed from foundation to smoke stack for the purpose of making one specific product. The smallest detail is made to yield the utmost efficiency in the particular function it is meant to serve. Steel mills, automobile factories, and all the rest, are useless for other purposes. The bonds secured by such plants, considered gilt edge because of the construction value behind them, are worthless if the product produced is no longer salable.

This is even more true of machinery. The demand for standard machines has consistently shrunk from year to year. Each operation, however small, is best performed by a machine designed to do most efficiently that one thing. Mass is all that is necessary to bring that machine into existence to force out the standard all-purpose machine. Enormous sums are spent on complicated mechanisms whose only purpose is to manufacture some penny article in quantity. In any mass production industry, and few are not, the amount of machinery and equipment capable of being put to other uses, in the event of decline in demand, is nearly negligible.

THUS we are not only confronted with unusable man power but with unusable plant and equipment out of which investors can not get their capital and which therefore intensify the general distress.

But even this is not the whole story. For, in the third place, our industries, with few exceptions, are not today controlled by the individuals who work in them. Though they are not Government-owned they are, in a very real sense, nationally owned. Banking and brokerage houses have diffused their stocks and bonds among countless individuals and companies throughout the country. All industry is enmeshed in this amazing intricacy of financial structure. The number of individuals who are directly interested in any sizable corporation is large enough to have a considerable voice in any external action that might affect it. They are consequently capable of interposing many obstacles in the way of any progress that carries the threat of decline for their industry.

The present plight of the railroads very aptly illustrates these facts. The truck is rapidly replacing the railroad freight car in the field of the short haul and the less-than-carload lot. The pipe line is supplanting the tank car in the transportation of liquids and gases. The automobile and the bus have reduced railroad passenger traffic to a new low figure year by year. In the specific field that each of these devices covers the new method is definitely superior to the railroads' in either cost, or utility, or both. But the distress caused by this progress is felt by every individual in the nation.

It is safe to say that every bank, every trust company, every insurance company, and every stockholder of these companies, as well as every railroad stockholder, is a direct financial loser by the intro-

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duction of the superior forms of transportation mentioned. Of course all of us gain by cheaper pleasure, cheaper gas and oil, and more convenient package delivery. Some of us gain by investing in the new. However, the holder of ten shares of railroad stock sees directly the loss to himself involved in a dividend cut and immediately wants the Government to "do something about it." He sees also that railroad distress causes steel distress and lumber distress and, in an ever widening circle, even sealing wax distress and cabbage distress. He himself adds to this where he, personally, can make a gain; that is, he takes his family on a vacation by auto instead of by rail.

In this case the superiority of the new is great enough to insure competitive success. Therefore financial interests behind the railroads turn to the only possible source of relief — discriminative legislation.

The power that can thus be brought to bear upon legislative agencies to preserve a threatened industry is here strikingly apparent. Some months ago a hearing was conducted in Washington relative to freight rate increases desired by the roads. In general the outstanding characteristic of all products on which an increase was asked is that they can not be carried as successfully by trucks. In other words, the railroads were, in effect, petitioning the Government to allow them to tax all industries that must ship by rail in order that they may successfully compete with trucks in fields where the truck is quite definitely superior. The request was made on the ground that "something must be done for the railroads" for their distress is a national calamity and they must be protected at all costs.

It is noteworthy that during the entire hearing to date, the question around which the discussion has revolved has been what to do in order that railroad income might be preserved. It has been the common assumption, even by those opposed to the raise, that the roads should not be permitted to face disaster.

This is quite true, but is not the universal acceptance of the fact dangerously near a recognition that we must prohibit progress because progress will cause a loss to us all? Are we admitting that disaster to the railroads will cause such acute disorders that we dare not improve on them as carriers? If this is so the pains of progress have caught up with the gains.

More definite still in its direct refusal to recognize superiority in favor of widely diffused capital is the recent decision of the Ohio Public Utilities Commission on the application of the Cleveland, Canton and Columbus Motor Freight Company to increase its equipment 300 per cent.

The high points of this decision were:

> We do not feel that this (the increase in equipment) is justified unless we surrender to the argument that there shall be no limit placed upon freight to be hauled over the highway, except the capacity of the transportation company to secure business, and the capacity of the truck or trailer to transport the same, which would necessarily mean a further drastic draining of the source of revenue of the rail lines.
>
> We are not ready to subscribe to the prin-

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ciple that trucks shall be permitted to make unlimited inroads upon the rail lines. There is a proper place for each classification, and the application to increase the tonnage capacity of the applicant's equipment 300 per cent indicates that if this equipment is to be used the business of this transportation company will be supported by convenience rather than by necessity.

Briefly, a shipper can not ship by truck if it is more convenient to do so, but only if it is absolutely necessary to do so. A clearer case of the protection of the inferior from the superior, and the recognition of a necessity for so doing, could not be imagined.

Similarly street railways throughout the country have turned to politics and legislation to destroy their inherently superior competitors. The service car, quicker and more convenient for many, has been legislated out of existence in many localities. The introduction of natural gas, a very cheap fuel, is being fought in many cities by resort to charter privileges by public utilities that have a tremendous investment in plant and equipment.

THE severe depression that is now upon us has unquestionably been furthered materially by the existence of just such situations as we have been discussing. During times of prosperity the industries that are suffering from partial inroads made by new products and methods may even be expanding in total volume of sales at a somewhat reduced rate. However, in times of adversity such industries are the first to feel the effects of reduced demand. As the severity of the depression increases, the marginal cases are more and more affected. For example, aluminum may have succeeded in reducing the functions of steel by five per cent. It is, of course, the profitable five per cent. In times of prosperity the steel industry may expect a normal expansion of six per cent (the figures are purely arbitrary). Thus it would actually increase its business one per cent in a narrowed field.

However, in times of depression the industry would cross the line between expansion and contraction, and would be forced to reduce its forces and cut its dividends much more quickly than if the competitive product had never appeared. In the coal industry the demand for coal in relation to the facilities for production has been reduced to a point where even in peak periods it only rises to the level of the slimmest sort of profits.

Consequently we have a condition existing in which many industries, large and small, are losing enough business to superior competitors to make their aggregate distress very decidedly a depression factor.

We are thus in a difficult position, confronted with a problem of major importance. In our discussion of the railroads and utilities, or any other industry facing a competitor, there is no intent to criticize adversely, for there are many points of merit in the positions they have taken. It is the intent to force a recognition of the problems brought about by the fact that the whole trend of our capitalistic system is such as to make increasingly difficult the type of progress on which it has been built. If the process continues we quite definitely will arrive at a condition such that it will be easier for

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all of us to reject inventive progress in favor of financial security and universal comfort. In other words, we shall have reached the peak of our pyramid and life will become a stable, rigid proposition. It will be comfortable and safe, but historically meaningless and ineffectual.

The serious difficulty is that every fundamental premise of the capitalistic system contains within itself the factors causing the trouble. The scientific mind, the keystone of our civilization, not only leads to invention and discovery but to specialization and mass production. These are the two sets of forces that were originally apparently compatible, but each contains the factors that ultimately tend to destroy the other's effectiveness. It is a question of fundamentals, not of monetary expediency. If we foster progress, prosperous industries always will be subject to unforeseen decline brought about by invention and discovery. They must attempt to encourage this progress on the one hand and, on the other, to develop a technique for reducing to a minimum the growing pains inherent in the throwing off of the outworn.

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Manchurian Muddle

By Frank T. Cartwright

Who discusses the factors involved and suggests a remedy other than League intervention

Why should the white races "butt in" as peacemakers when two yellow races are enjoying a family fight? This question concerning the Manchurian muddle has been asked me so many times in recent weeks that the first response has become almost stereotyped — and radio-ized. I answer it thus, "Because these yellow races learned some of their diplomacy and all of their fighting technique from us, therefore we should teach, if we can, a technique of peace; because the plans of the Japanese military party, if unchecked, will lead to an even wider worship of materialism and force in that land; and because a generation of Chinese students is turning, in bewilderment and discouragement from dependence on the League of Nations toward a consecration to military and naval force as the only effective international argument." Sometimes I add, "And because, just as in 1914, there is the making of a first-class world-wide war in what now seems only a family affair."

Within the past few days there arrived a letter from a student leader in Japan which gave the sober conviction that economic determinism coupled with crass materialism is sweeping that country and that "unless this is overcome now it will in a short time become an actual idolatry of gold and possessions." From the mainland, just across the Yellow Sea, a Chinese college dean wrote, "Are we to be driven, in spite of our convictions, to turn to a big navy and a powerful, well-equipped army as our only means of national salvation? Is there then in all the world no peaceable means of settling difficulties?"

What is all the fuss about?

Primarily it is about a territory known as the Three Eastern Provinces, or Manchuria. This is a region roughly shaped like a tortoise hanging by its tail, the head forming the Korean peninsula. It is about the size of America's five wheat States — Minnesota, North and South Dakota, Kansas and Nebraska. Or imagine a section lying north of the New England States, a country equivalent to the land between Boston and Chicago reaching from Buffalo to South Carolina.

Within its boundaries there reside about twenty-nine million people,

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but, even so, the land is sparsely settled. The soil is very fertile, suitable for the growing of wheat, *kiaoliang* (a kind of millet) and the soya bean. Half of the world's production of this last-named crop comes from Manchuria. There is coal in most parts of the province while more than thirty other minerals are found in commercial quantities, ranging from gold and silver to iron ore. Shale oil is extracted in paying amounts. Game and fish are abundant. There are excellent harbors and rapidly developing port cities.

Just as soon as we leave the description of the country we hear contradictory opinions because of the radically conflicting interests. There are a few concrete statements upon which there is more or less general agreement but the interpretations of these are poles apart:

(1) Manchuria has been in turmoil for the past decade. Japanese say this is due to Chinese intrigue and banditry; Chinese say it is due to Japanese efforts to stir up trouble as an excuse for exerting force.

(2) There has been friction between Chinese farmers and Korean immigrants. The Chinese accuse the Japanese of inciting the Koreans so that the police of Japan can be called from the railway zone for aid; the Japanese on the other hand accuse the Chinese of underhanded oppression of inoffensive aliens.

(3) A Japanese military officer named Nakamura was captured and killed by Chinese in Manchuria. The Japanese version is that this man was within his rights in traveling in the Three Provinces and was wantonly shot; the Chinese claim that with a false passport this officer, wearing civilian clothes was making military maps.

(4) On the night of September 18, Japanese troops attacked and captured several cities along the Chinese railroad lines. The Japanese version is that two Chinese soldiers were seen to blow up a section of railroad track near Peitaying, that when the Japanese outpost attacked these men they were fired upon by hidden Chinese soldiers, and that thereupon the Chinese barracks were attacked and captured; the Chinese affirm that the attack on the barracks was unprovoked, the Chinese soldiers being asleep when the firing began, and the Chinese suggest that any bombing of the railroad which may have occurred was the work of the Japanese themselves.

These points of agreement and of radical disagreement show something of the difficulty facing the student of the present situation. Nevertheless there are certain facts and deductions which to me, an admirer and friend of both these Far Eastern nations, seem clear.

First of all, there are the human interests, represented by some 210,000 Japanese and perhaps 1,000,000 Koreans. In Korea these latter are quite a problem to Japan but having been encouraged to migrate to Manchuria they form a responsibility of the Japanese Government. Some of them are bitterly anti-Japanese. Some are Communists. Most are comparatively indifferent as to the form of government, provided only that they have peace and a meagre livelihood. The Japanese in Man-

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churia are in a different category. They are for the large part soldiers, merchants, railway employes, officials, either in the army or in the semi-governmental railroads and mines. Japan claims a special position in this region because of her people.

They are living here, because of the treaty rights which form Japan's second claim to a "right of way" in Manchuria. These treaties go back in effect to the close of the Sino-Japanese War. In 1895 Japan secured title to certain rights in Manchuria, which she was obliged to relinquish at the armed and firm request of three European powers. Following Japan's defeat of Russia in 1904 there was another treaty, which vested in Japan the rights and concessions in Manchuria secured by Russia during the preceding decade. These included a lease of the South Manchurian Railroad with a zone on either side, certain coal and iron concessions, and the right of Japanese citizens to lease land throughout the province. Too, Japan has not yet relinquished her claim to extra-territorial rights in China and these treaty rights are applied to her subjects in the Three Provinces. In addition there is the Treaty of 1915, which China so bitterly resents and insists upon repudiating. These "Twenty-One Demands" were in five groups: (1) railway, mining and concession rights in Shantung Province, (2) extension to ninety-nine years of important leases in Manchuria, (3) the control of the sources of iron supply in Central China, (4) special rights in the coastal provinces of China, (5) the right to furnish the police of China and advisers in financial, political and military affairs.

A Chinese President signed the treaty but no legislative body has ratified it. In 1923 the Chinese Government repudiated the entire series of demands, as having been exacted by force in a time of peace and as never having been legally ratified.

The Japanese, however, insist upon the validity of this treaty without, in recent official notes, actually mentioning it. They cover this under the blanket clause "all treaties." Mr. M. Miyasaki writing on November 11 from Yokohama, states the case thus, "Japan does not intend to have her treaty rights challenged. She considers that her treaties with China concluded 'with all the solemnity of international usage' and including the 1915 treaties are as valid as any other treaties in the world."

The third point in Japan's claim to special rights rests upon her heavy investments in Manchuria. Late trade reports show that $850,000,000 are thus tied up in railroads, mines, and other forms of Manchurian property, two-thirds of the total Japan has invested in all of China. An exceptionally fine series of railroad lines is under the South Manchurian Railway Company, an organization of vast proportions, the officers and directorate of which are under appointment by the Government of Japan. There are two immense coal fields held by Japan, the Fushun and Yentai fields, from which the empire is said to derive half of its entire annual coal supply. Other mining concessions have been developed by the Japanese, while harbors, docks, and building enterprises use huge sums of money.

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When one realizes the immensity of these investments, the nearness of this area to Japanese territory (Korea), and the imperative need for the raw materials for a country rapidly becoming industrialized, he must be partial indeed if he is unable to see how powerful such arguments appear in the eyes of the Nipponese. He would be a blinded ultra-patriot, if he did not confess that his own Government would probably be swayed — if not actually moved — by such considerations!

But his eyes would be equally faulty if he did not see that another race has a valid claim to special rights.

There is an historical basis for this. Manchuria for almost three centuries has been considered part of China. In 1644 the Manchus, a race closely related to the other peoples of Eastern and Northeastern Asia, swept into China and defeated a decadent ruling group, establishing a new dynasty. Although "outlanders," these new rulers were, as many other conquerers of China, accepted and swallowed up in the great race. They added their own territory to that previously considered Chinese, and until 1911 reigned over the united empire. Manchuria was a part of China.

But there is in addition the human argument, similar to the Japanese argument — but fairly burying it in overwhelming numbers. Where the Japanese since 1905 were able to build their Manchurian population only to 210,000, the Chinese have increased since 1911 from about 15,000,000 to 28,000,000. The Japanese number only about seven-tenths of one per cent of the entire population, and, including the Koreans, comprise less than five per cent.

Not only so, but the Chinese are migrating in great waves. The movement began a decade ago when banditry, a severe drought and fear of Japanese activities in Shantung Province drove millions of Chinese to sweep northward into the more fertile, comparatively unpopulated regions. More recently the terrible three years' drought and famine in Shensi and Shansi Provinces caused still additional hordes to go. For a time the migration was at the rate of a million annually.

This condition causes the Chinese to scoff at the plea that Japan needs Manchuria as an outlet for its surplus population. They point out that the Japanese do not want to go and, even when helped by their Government, go in trickles, while the Chinese farmers, driven by famine, move in floods.

China also claims a need for the communications and raw materials of Manchuria. She insists that by the earlier treaties she has the right to buy back from Japan railroad and other concessions, some of the leases expiring at about the present time. Some properties were to be returned to China without payment.

These two fundamentally opposite points of view must be borne in mind. With them as a background one can understand something of the mental processes which led the military party to order the "intervention" in Manchuria. There had been frequent incidents, rasping the sensibilities of all concerned. Chang Tso Lin, the former governor of the province, had been

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on the whole friendly to Japan and amenable to suggestion. But when the northward drive of the Nationalists succeeded in 1926–7 in occupying much of China proper, he decided to cast his lot with the new party. The Nationalist flag was displayed in Mukden and other Manchurian cities. Almost immediately Chang Tso Lin was mysteriously killed by an explosion under his private car as it crossed the Japanese railway. The Chinese claim that he was "removed" by Japanese orders, but there is little likelihood that legal proof will ever be produced. His son, General Chang Hsueh Liang, assumed the reins of government and he also was pro-Nationalist rather than pro-Japanese. His Government placed some galling restrictions upon Japanese commerce and banking in the province.

This attitude coupled with frequent depredations by regular bandits or by roving groups of Chinese irregulars became increasingly painful to the Japanese and, the incidents of the summer as detailed in the earlier part of the discussion added vinegar to the wounds. Military action was ordered.

It is highly questionable whether this was decided upon by the Japanese Government, in the sense that Western nations consider governments responsible. In Japan there is the anomaly of two branches of government, military and naval, responsible not to the cabinet or the other representative groups, but to the Emperor, and they have the right to independent action on his authorization. This dual responsibility explains the otherwise inexplicable condition which has sometimes obtained in affairs Japanese, where the civilian members of the cabinet give out statements as to governmental attitudes which are at that very time being proved false by military or naval action.

At any rate, while Baron Shidehara, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, was seeking a pacific settlement with China, the military took action on September 18 in Manchuria and within a very few hours the navy assisted by closing some of the ports. The military spokesmen insisted that this was not war; it was merely intervention! The rapid occupation of the strategic centres of the country followed with very little real fighting. The arsenals were seized by the Japanese. Chinese banks were closed. At the present time (December 12) all except a small zone near the Great Wall is ruled by the Japanese military or by puppet governments set up by this group. Governor Chang Hsueh Liang is governor in name only and has been ordered by the Japanese commander to remain outside the province.

The Chinese troops are utterly incapable of successful resistance. Still divided in rival camps, weakened by two decades of internal warfare between warlords and the gradually growing Nationalist Party, now almost entirely helpless because of a flood that for months has ravaged her rich Yangtse valley from Hankow to the sea, China can not successfully meet Japan with military force — and her leaders recognize it.

She has, though, a weapon more feared by Japan than any armies which could be marshalled. I refer

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to the boycott. The Chinese learned as far back as 1908 what strength lay in refusing to trade with an encroaching nation. Japan then insisted upon an indemnity from the Manchu Government for a boatload of contraband seized by the Chinese. Even in that early period when nationalism had been asleep for centuries the boycott is said to have cost Japan in nine months some $13,000,000. Later boycotts against Japan and Great Britain have proved very effective weapons, until the two-year boycott against Japan following the presentation of the Twenty-One Demands curtailed Japanese trade in China to an amount estimated at more than $116,000,000.

At the present time China is seething with agitation against the neighboring nation. Student parades of protest are being held in places far removed from the scene of hostilities. Flags are hung at half mast, arm-bands of mourning are worn, social functions are called off. The student bodies divide into small "evangelistic bands" scattering for street corner preaching of anti-Japanese nature and traveling far into the country villages to arouse the rural inhabitants so that they will not buy or use Japanese products. So far these agitations have been without bloodshed, although trouble has been narrowly averted at times. In Foochow, a thousand miles from Manchuria, parading students went past the Japanese consulate shouting their slogans. The consul is said to have warned the school authorities through a neutral consul that a repetition of such tactics would result in Japanese "action." He demanded an apology and when the school authorities refused to give it, the provincial officials were forced to make the apology, because Japanese gunboats were in the harbor.

Just what net effect this boycott is having upon business is impossible to estimate with accuracy. It is known however that some Japanese steamship lines are running to Chinese ports practically empty. English and American papers printed in the treaty ports state that it is hard to find Japanese products on sale, and these statements have been confirmed in private letters to me. With the growing solidarity of Chinese opinion it is extremely probable that the present boycott is the most hurtful Japan has yet experienced, and one can readily understand why the Japanese Government is insisting upon the calling off of the boycott as a preliminary to peace!

There is of course the vague menace of Russian activity on one side or the other in the present muddle. "One side or the other" is a rhetorical form, because Russia's historic and long-standing ambition to gain a foothold at a warm-water port on Asia's eastern shore almost certainly precludes any agreement with Japan. A world traveler, recently returned from Manchuria by way of Siberia, stated that he saw no signs of troop movements — and little evidence that Russia could transport sufficient troops and supplies for military operations.

This menace is, I believe, not a present one. Russia is not ready. But if Japan is able to consolidate her position in Manchuria and secure by force or otherwise new treaty

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rights, it is a safe prediction that within a decade Soviet Russia will be her most powerful antagonist — either by arms or by the subtler and perhaps more powerful means of internal radical agitation.

HAVING taken this hasty view of the general situation, we are almost ready to reach some conclusions. First there are two psychological considerations we should honestly examine.

We should realize that in the Japanese we have a justifiably proud and very sensitive race. Their history is long and honorable. Their culture and art form a rich heritage. In the modernization of their empire they have achieved in slightly more than half a century more than any other nation has ever achieved in a similar period of time. I have been amazed — as have all open-minded visitors to their land — at the evidences of what we Westerners term progress. By this I mean industrial, educational, material advance. Now this race with its splendid achievements has been snubbed by Western nations and on at least one occasion "robbed." I refer to the way in which three European nations forced her to give up the Manchurian trophy of the Sino-Japanese War — and then almost immediately proceeded to divide among themselves Manchuria plus two other slices of Chinese territory. At the Washington Conference in 1923 Japan was by quiet pressure forced to recede from her claims in Shantung, again a slight to national pride. The United States Asiatic Exclusion Act has not proved exactly soothing to that pride. We need to recognize, then, that here is a proud race, one which at present is painfully sensitive.

Equally we must realize that the Chinese are coming to a nationalistic unity, perhaps more inflamed than the nationalism of other countries because it has been repressed and buffeted. During a racial history longer than that of any other nation now existing, they developed a civilization and a culture from which Western lands derived many of the benefits. The mariner's compass, paper, block printing, silk, tea, these are only a few of China's gifts to the world. Her art and her philosophy are the basis for those of Japan. For centuries she despised the rest of the world, tried to exclude it. Then the Western nations broke in by force. Various pretexts enabled the white races to claim special rights, to grab concessions and blocks of territory. The Chinese did not openly resent these; Western force was too great. Time has changed all this. China is rapidly becoming a *nation*, and the very aggressions of other nations are pressing her into unity. Witness the agitations against the Twenty-One Demands, the waves of emotion following the Shanghai and Shameen shootings, the present shelving of sectional rivalries.

Here, too, we find a justly proud race, more sensitive than at any previous time in its history, a bit angry at all imperialism, but now especially bitter against Japan who, she suspects, plans to do for Manchuria what she did for Korea: "protect" it and by degrees absorb it into the empire.

In the face of all this, is nothing

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being done? A little! The League of Nations holds solemn conferences — and sends notes, of decreasing severity. For a time following the outbreak of September 18 it appeared that the League would justify its existence. But meeting after meeting was held, wordy discussions were endured by a waiting and peace-hungry public, and that was about all. Mountainous labor was suffered and the mouse which came forth in the Resolution of December 9 was so weak it probably can not live outside a diplomatic form of baby-incubator! The League is "reaffirming" its stand and "inviting" Japan and China to be as good as possible. Even to this innocuous pronouncement the representatives of the rival nations have registered reservations. I see very little to be hoped from the intervention of the League of Nations.

The Chinese leaders do not want to discuss peace until the Japanese withdraw their troops to the railway zone. Japan will not consider peace measures until the boycott is called off. China wants treaties studied and, if unjust, revised. Japanese Government representatives insist upon the validity of the entire series of treaties. In the meantime, the officers of the League of Nations meet and talk, sign resolutions, and adjourn.

To me there seems only one way in which there is a possibility of focussing the world's desire for peace in any effective way upon this Far Eastern crisis. Both nations are "high contracting parties" of the Kellogg-Briand Pact in which they solemnly declare that they will "renounce it (war) as an instrument of national policy in their relations with one another." In Article 2 they state, "The high contracting parties agree that the settlement or solution of all disputes or conflicts of whatever nature or of whatever origin they may be, which may arise among them, shall never be sought except by pacific means."

Why not call together, therefore, representatives of as many as possible of the nations signing this Pact, the United States perhaps serving as voluntary convener? Let these men, with the moral authority of the Pact behind them, call upon China and Japan to allow matters to remain in the present status (troops where they now are, boycott still active) and immediately to prepare the strongest possible statement of their respective cases to be laid before a mutually acceptable group of arbitrators *under penalty of being declared outlaws among the nations.*

It is possible that even this means would prove ineffective, but it could not be less powerful than the activities of the League up to the present. And on the other hand, it *might* work. The ancient honor of the samurai might be touched by a well worded appeal to national honor, and the pressure upon the military arm of the Government from the moderate minds of the Government and from the commercial group, hard pressed by the boycott, perhaps would do what the advancing and retreating at Geneva has been unable to accomplish.

Too, this plan would force China to place something more than words and promises before the world. Her "strongest possible case" could not consist alone of slogans and com-

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plaints. Legal arguments would need to be bolstered by more national unity, by stricter discipline within China, and by effective measures for the protection of Japanese and their proper interests in Chinese territory.

There is no other method I can see which would settle this matter — unless some nation is willing to go to war on the side of China. This would be an obvious denial of a basic desire for peace, and can not be considered by those of us who believe in the possibility and rightness of settling international quarrels by peaceful means. If the proposed method does not work, we will be no worse off than we are at present, and we will have explored all available avenues of peace. And until we have tried all ways, we white races will not have fulfilled our duty and privilege as brothers to the yellow nations now caught in a maelstrom of suspicion, animosity, and bloodshed.

The Primeval Present

By Sonia Ruthèle Novák

O city, index of imagining,
To what mad, monstrous future do you point,
As mammoths did primevally, though joint
And tusk and massive bulk had less to bring
To this great now than any fern whose wing
Was mangled by their tread? When years annoint
You, oleaginous, will they appoint
You for the generations yet to spring?

The moon beside you sees as even then
It saw. But what will it see when this dust
Has never known it walked in human phase?
Will you prove as the eggshells of a wren,
Or bulwarks so impregnable they must
Endure unscathed throughout eternal days?

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The Manor

By Sara Haardt

A Story

Lucinda Vaughn stood in the door, and took a last look at her room. She knew that Ira and Nina were waiting downstairs, whispering nervously, but she took a deliberate pleasure in keeping them waiting this afternoon. She wanted to linger here, thinking all the sharp wounding thoughts she hadn't let herself think as long as she was a guest in their house. Her son's house! She didn't like the room, though she had been very comfortable in it: everything was too new, too expressive of her daughter-in-law's impeccable taste to suit her. Yet, she had to admit that she would have stayed on, if she hadn't felt she had worn her welcome out.

Oh, she could never explain it to any one but herself, but she could tell the difference! Nina had been just as sweet to her, even more insistent about all her little comforts, now that her heart had gone back on her, but she could feel Nina instinctively drawing away from her. Nina was young, her throat was a slim lovely column as smooth as marble, her eyes were as wide and as starry as freshly-opened flowers, and the sight of a crumbling old woman was naturally repulsive to her. But she didn't, really, care about Nina. It was Ira who filled her with a torturing guilt.

Ira's clearest picture of her was as a young woman, with silly ringlets and a devastating energy. She had been slender too, as slender as Nina, and prettier because of her rounded cheeks and arms. Nina was *too* thin! Later, of course, her hair had turned gray — a solid silver gray like the platinum blonde that was so fashionable now — but it had made her seem younger than ever. And she had never stopped going. It was only in the last year that she had declined invitations of any moment.

Then, one day last spring, she was suddenly aware that Ira was watching her climb the stairs. She was taking them slowly, her heart choking her with every breath, and she teetered about like a ship that had lost its ballast. After all, she *was* sixty-nine, and sixty-nine-year-old women didn't run up stairs like young girls, but she had winced at his horrified expression. He was seeing her for the first time as an old woman. He was fighting against the realization that she was failing, sinking slowly to her death, as he and Nina would one day fail and die.

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After that she was conscious of his pained look every time he came near her, in spite of his efforts to be ordinary and cheerful. Oh, no, she wasn't deceiving herself — she had been through the same thing herself! It was natural for young people to shrink from old people. It was part of their gay ruthless make-believe not to want them around where they would be reminded of flesh that actually smelled musty and sagged in hideous purplish pouches. It seemed too terrible that *everybody* had to grow old!

She had thought the same thing herself, in the years that she had been young and gay, and she had made a secret vow that when her time came she would go off as the Eskimo women did and die all alone. A kind of primitive panic seized her as she stood there, her hands trembling with fatigue. She *had* to get away, out of reach of Nina's dutiful solicitude, of Ira's deploring glances. And yet, and yet — she hesitated in the door, scarcely breathing. She wasn't, in reality, like the Eskimo women who accepted their doom simply, implacably. She was a Virginian lady who regarded death as an indignity, an uninvited and presumptuous caller, and in spite of her promise, a Virginian lady she would remain to the end.

"Mother! If you are still set on going we had better be starting."

"I'm coming, my child."

They were waiting tensely, and she stood as rigidly in her pride.

"Do you really feel that you *have* to go this afternoon, Mother?" Nina asked in her smooth round voice. "It's a vile day to be out."

"I don't mind the rain," she said with a sprightliness she did not feel. She could take a melancholy pleasure in their sense of guilt at seeing her go in such weather. It was a gray November day, with a misty rain blowing. Pneumonia weather, for old ladies.

"We feel terribly about your deserting us for that old ladies' home," Nina protested prettily. "The only thing, it *is* near enough for us to visit back and forth."

Old ladies' home! In her coolly impudent way Nina had stated the exact incensing truth about the Manor. It had been the most elegant hotel in Baltimore when Lucinda first visited it with her parents in the late 'Eighties, with the most commodious ballroom, and the most famous kitchen where the Virginians, who came up in droves after the war, could dine upon terrapin and chicken Maryland in the style to which they had been accustomed. But it had gradually deteriorated into a kind of genteel boarding-house where elderly mothers and grandmothers could be boarded reasonably, away from their families. It was really shocking how few old maids there were among them; they were all married women, like herself, widows who had reared large families, successful sons with pretty wives and adorable grandchildren, and charming daughters with prominent husbands and brilliant social careers.

There were Augusta Britt, and Rhoda Alexander, and Jennie Rountree, and Eliza France, and Mary Lightfoot — all potent, charming women in their day, and now huddling together in the musty

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rooms of the Manor for company, matching ills with one another, repeating endlessly their elaborate lies as to why they preferred the Manor for another winter rather than visiting with the children. Well, they had all come along together; over her old life with them there was a sweetness of the past that had a depth beyond the present, but she wasn't the kind of plaguing old ladies they were. Oh, never!

"I shall enjoy being with my old friends," she reproved Nina gently. "I shall have very pleasant company at the Manor. Now, take care of yourself, my deah," Nina's smooth fragrant cheek lightly brushed her withered one. "Come in to see me when you can. I'll be in Sallie Holcombe's old room. Good-bye, my deah."

There was a wavering about her figure in the doorway. She had caught the slight irony of Nina's smile. Sallie Holcombe had died of heart failure in her room at the Manor last week. Her presence in Sallie's room signified, at the very least, that she was taking Sallie's place, weaving in faltering circles from the bureau to the window, from the window to her slipper-chair, from the slipper-chair back to the bureau, her mind weaving the while, as unfruitfully, as wearily.

Well, so she was taking Sallie's room, and so had she a bad heart like Sallie but she'd never let on to them, though the roofs of fortune fell. Oh, never! She squeezed her hands tightly together under the robe, clinging to her pain — her secret — as if, when the truth was known to them, it would be the one thing lost to her forever.

II

"WELL, here we are," Ira was saying with a false note of cheer. "You'd better hurry on in, Mother. This is great weather for the flu."

Lucinda stood quite still, a solitary figure in the fog. The light from the crystal chandelier in the lobby lay in a wide golden swathe across the pavement reaching to her feet; voices floated out to her as the storm-door swung open. But a pained sickishness came over her. She was forsaking the true sound core of society to make her home among the sick and the aged. All her treasured youth was gone, never to be loosened again — all her brightness, laughter, bloom — gone. . . . She refused Ira's arm, and walked stiffly into the lobby.

Immediately there was a stir. Dexter, the head bellboy who ran the elevator at meal-times, came forward for her bags; Miss Eustace, a wizened little body with crimped hair and small blue-veined hands, spread her thin lips in a watery smile.

"It is such a pleasure to have Mrs. Vaughn," she drawled. "We are hoping that she will enjoy her winter with us." Miss Eustace belonged to one of the proudest families among the Baltimore-Virginians; the Eustaces had come to Baltimore from Charlottesville, Virginia, in the first migration after the war, and though they remained as poor as church mice, they banked as proudly as ever upon who they were.

"How d'ye do, Miss Fannie." Ira, who for one brief moment had looked irresolute and uncomfortable, youthfully squared his shoulders and wrote "Mrs. Ira Seaton Vaughn"

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with the mangy pen. He became businesslike as he instructed Miss Fannie in an undertone to send the weekly bill to his office. "I want her to have every comfort," he added. "If there are any little extras, you'll see that she gets them, won't you, Miss Fannie?"

Miss Fannie bobbed her head emphatically. Compared with Miss Fannie, Lucinda reflected, her life had been all velvet and roses. Miss Fannie obviously envied her the little extras so generously provided her by her tall handsome son; she should be reassured, uplifted to that triumphant spiritual plane known alone to the mothers of handsome sons, but she felt only the implied doom of her arrival here. The smile she might have bestowed upon poor starved Miss Fannie, died on her lips.

Upstairs in her room, Ira laid the old-fashioned iron door-key on the marble-topped bureau. "Can't I help you get settled, Mother? Isn't there anything I can do?"

"No, thank you, my child. You hurry on now, or you'll keep dinner waiting." Swiftly she wanted him to go, before the tears loosened in a flood and blinded her. But he lingered; his dark eyes turned intently upon her, from the door.

"When are we going to see you again? You take it easy now, Mother. Your heart's all right but you'll have to go slowly for a while. Don't forget — we're expecting you back at Christmas. You certainly must pay us a little visit at Christmas."

She nodded glibly. Deeper down, though, in that dark of her mind where she had always stifled unpleasant thoughts, and where she stifled her pain now, she was yielding to the thought that Christmas was a long way off — as far off as Virginia, where the bells of all the plantations were stilled, and rows of black factories stretched along the rivers where, before, only gardens had grown.

When Jennie Rountree rapped on her door, an hour later, on her way down to dinner, Lucinda had changed to her plum-colored moiré, and was waiting for her. Jennie was over seventy, plump and pretty as a cameo, with a gushing manner that concealed her busy little mind continually agape for gossip. She made a little rush for her now, chirruping, "Lucinda, deah! Are you *alone?* I told Rhoda I'd peek in and see if Ira was still with you. The handsome scamp! *Is* he as handsome as ever? We were *so* in hopes he would dine with us this evening."

"No, I sent him off immediately." Lucinda set her lips, and proceeded spiritedly. "Ira opposed my coming away, of course, especially as I didn't tell him until I had made all the arrangements. But *you* can appreciate the situation, Jennie . . ."

Jennie Rountree nodded, and swallowed the saliva that always gathered in her mouth when she listened intently. Lucinda found herself lying instinctively, as Jennie had lied before her. "I wanted to be in town where I could get everywhere, and *see* things by myself. Nina and Ira were always *sweet* about bringing me in but I didn't stand the long drive so well of late. It isn't as if I were a girl any more."

"None of us are as young as we used to be," echoed Jennie, and Lucinda felt her focused gaze boring down to where her heart fluttered

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like a wounded bird; "but we still like to *go*, and to *do*. I'd pin my name and address inside my coat, if I were you Lucinda, in case anything *should* happen. Sallie and I always did, even when we went out together. Poor Sallie! She joined us in bridge every evening until the very last." She let her eyes rove about the room and continued in her sharp thread of a voice, "I see you've changed things from the way Sallie had them. She had her slipper-chair over there —"

"I brought a few little things with me," said Lucinda. She always spoke of her possessions deprecatingly; the habit had arisen with all the Baltimore-Virginians after the war when their poverty was inseparable from their pride. As a matter of fact she had brought her famous Sheffield candlesticks, a priceless Stoddard flip glass for flowers, and several Peale miniatures.

"Those candlesticks always remind me of your Christmas dinners," mused Jennie with her fatuous smile. "None of us had much in those days, Lucinda, but I must say we made the most of it. I never tasted such oyster dressing as you used to serve with your turkey, before or since. And such syllabub! Where *are* the cooks in this generation?" She bounced up from her chair, and clenched uncertainly for the door-knob. "We'd better start down, if we want any dinner."

Lucinda was suddenly conscious of a buzzing concerted movement throughout the whole building. Outside, in the corridor, Eliza France and Mary Lightfoot were hobbling along the Brussels carpet with their sticks.

"I'm afraid the doors are open," Eliza greeted her. "I was delayed at tea."

"This elevator is a death-trap, in my opinion," Mary cleared her throat with a cackle; "I like to get an early start when it isn't crowded. How d'ye do, Lucinda. I hope you left the children well."

"Very well, thank you," answered Lucinda, but her words, her very presence, were lost in the general scrimmage. The elevator doors banged; actually there was a rush for it, Eliza's stick clattered to the floor, and Jennie's breath blew in asthmatic gusts down her neck.

"Take it slowly, Dexter," commanded Mary. "We are in no hurry . . . no hurry."

She could barely wedge her way through the crowd gathered outside the dining-room downstairs. "Yonder are Augusta and Rhoda up near the front," shrilled Jennie. "Augusta's wearing her wisteria silk and cameos tonight in your honor."

Lucinda smiled but over her masked sweetness there flooded the whole of her fear and her resentment. How loathsome old women were! No wonder their children didn't want them. Breeding, background—nothing saved them. These were Virginian ladies, yammering for their food; Eliza France was actually pounding the marble floor with her stick.

At last the doors swung back. Boston, the head waiter, sped before Augusta Britt, and pulled out her chair for her. There was a great to-do at the tables as the other waiters followed him.

"Whew!" breathed Augusta, and sinking into her chair, she fanned herself with the turkey-tail fan she

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carried winter and summer. "What was the matter, Boston? You're getting later every evening. Well, never mind, never mind. How d'ye do, Lucinda. Here, Boston, help Mrs. Vaughn to her place. I hope you left the children well, Lucinda." Augusta was still a very fine figure at eighty years, with her high temper undiminished. She had been known to slap the little Negro girl who waited on her when she was out of humor.

Lucinda nodded. "Very well, thank you."

"We have been looking forward to your joining us," murmured Rhoda Alexander, and Lucinda nodded again. Rhoda, poor dear, never raised her voice except in acquiescence. She was small, with delicate features and a soft fluttery manner. She sat quietly, the hair brooch on her bosom rising and falling gently, but with a nervous eye eternally cocked at Augusta.

"Who d'ye suppose I met on the street today?" rattled Jennie, in her flighty voice. "I declare this clam broth is stone cold, Augusta. I've a good mind to send it back."

"Who?" demanded Augusta. "I'll speak to Boston at once. You, Boston! How dare you serve Mrs. Rountree cold broth!"

"Young Dr. Shackelford, of Christ Church! He told me he was speaking Sunday on the change in the prayerbook. They've left the word 'obey' out of the marriage ceremony. I say it's just as well, just as well!"

"I beg to differ with you," contradicted Augusta. She was a trifle deaf and spoke in a clarion voice. "They ought to leave prayerbooks and old things like that alone. The old things are best. They've stood the test of time, which is a lot more than you can say for these frisky young rectors. He'll never be the rector Dr. Braxton was, I'll warrant."

"He seemed a genteel young man to *me*," Jennie gushed in her high key, "and most at*ten*tive, *most* attentive."

"I see where they're burying Lucia Perry from Christ Church," interposed Rhoda, eternally at her gentle task of pacification. "My, my, it seems only yesterday she was being married there —"

"Here Boston, you Boston," Augusta interrupted her, "bring in some hot biscuit. How is your guinea, Lucinda? You haven't eaten a mouthful! Boston, I'd like a helping of sage dressing, while you're about it."

Lucinda protested faintly that her breast of guinea was delicious. The packing, and the trip in town, had tired her; her appetite would pick up tomorrow, after she was rested. She was preparing them for her escape to her room after dinner when they gathered in Augusta's room for their rubber of bridge. She simply couldn't suffer another hour of their gluttony and bigotry and snobbery! She had dreaded parting with Ira and Nina but she hadn't realized until now how they had suckled her, or rather, how she had preyed upon their youth for her interests, her strength. She was hungry for them already, she longed to fly to them, away from these raucous old women, and her room upstairs smelling of Sallie Holcombe's stale heliotrope, and Sallie's dead face turned to the blank wall.

III

LYING drearily on her bed, Lucinda heard disquieting footsteps hur-

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rying over the carpet outside her door but she did not stir, except to put her hands over her eyes. She felt so utterly tired, once she was relaxed she had no curiosity about outside affairs. December was here, she said to herself incredibly, the end of the year — of many, many years — and the pain in her heart had steadily deepened. Often, now, she awoke in the night with it, and sat rocking on her bed in the dark, fearful of turning on the light lest some one see it shining through the transom, and rap on the door. Ah, the shame of it, crouching there in the shrouded blackness, to her who, in her proud narrow fashion, had thought of death as touching others but never herself.

There was a distinct bustle in the corridor but she lay still in that drained apathy she had come to know, after one of her bad nights. It was just as well. She would hear all about it from Jennie and Augusta and Rhoda when they came in to tea. She experienced a sense of relief at the thought that they would be too taken up with it to notice the blue circles under her eyes. She didn't feel like entertaining them this afternoon but it was her time to pour tea, and if she asked them not to come they would be reminded of the afternoon Sallie had disappointed them. Now she wouldn't have to exert herself, and they would have something to talk about besides her and Sallie.

Yes, she realized that she had taken Sallie's place, and there was nothing she could do about it. After all, there was a reassuring sense of custom in their company. She clung to any intimation of continuity, even if she had to swallow a certain amount of unpleasantness with it. What else could she do? Where else could she go?

She had one satisfaction: they did not know about her heart, or her visits to Dr. Deberniere's office. She had never yielded to the consolation of going over and over her symptoms with them, as they constantly did with each other, and as Sallie had done before her. Her terrible shame was intact. There was a pleasurable triumph in that — something that seemed an echo of her youth, her ability to take care of herself, to stand brilliantly alone.

She got up, and smoothed the counterpane where she had been lying down. They would be coming in a few minutes. She took her toilet articles off the top of the bureau and put them in the drawer; changed the water on a vase of laurel; hid her heart medicine in the back of the medicine closet.

A rap sounded on the door. "Oh, how d'ye do, Jennie."

"Mary's dead!"

It couldn't be. Why, not three hours ago, Mary had sat at the luncheon-table sipping her tea and secreting scraps of food in her napkin for her pet parrot. That terrible struggling unbelief came over her again. No, it simply couldn't be! But there were Augusta and Rhoda trailing in with solemn faces.

Jennie held the floor, screeching. "I tell you she was as spry as a cricket! I was talking to her not an hour before and she complained of her head but she was always subject to headaches. It wasn't any time before I heard a *clump* and she had dropped down dead! Just think of it!

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What will poor Eliza do without her?"

"Eliza'll have that bird on her hands, first thing she knows." Augusta had herself well in hand though her lips were pinched. "I never did approve of Mary's keeping that bird with this parrot fever going round. Never did! But go on with your story, Jennie."

"It must have been a little after two," continued Jennie, quivering with excitement, "because I had just wound up my watch and I always wind it up early in the afternoon. I hurried out and called Eliza. She said Mary had probably gone out and the parrot had tipped his cage over, but we'd better see. We had to get Dexter to open the door. But by the time we got there she was . . . gone. Dr. Deberniere said it was cerebral paralysis. He said she was dead before she knew what hit her—"

"What does Dr. Deberniere know about it?" shouted Augusta. "If he'd known so much he would have given her something."

"My, my," signed Rhoda, "I thought Mary was looking better than she'd looked for years."

"I thought so, too," echoed Lucinda faintly, and flushed at the concealed reticence of her tone. She sat behind her Repoussé service with a guilty, inturned expression. She was sorry about Mary, as sorry as she could be, but her own shame was the most that she could bear. "Can't I get you some sherry, Jennie, while Boston is bringing more hot water?" All the tea was gone, and the sandwiches and cakes—rich chicken-salad sandwiches, a meal in themselves, and devil's food cup-cakes with creamy pecan icing. Mary's death, however saddening, hadn't affected their appetites.

"I take a sip of whiskey every morning," shrieked Jennie. "Elderly people really need it. Whiskey doesn't arouse me, it relaxes me. I put a little whiskey in a glass of Buffalo Mineral Water, or French brandy if I can get it. It's the best tonic there is."

"It sounds like a vile dose to me," stated Augusta; "I don't believe in ruining good whiskey with fizz water. Never did!"

"Perhaps you'd rather have a toddy, Jennie?" asked Lucinda. "Can I mix you a little toddy?" She moved the tray, and brought two Waterford decanters out of her closet.

"The tea is delicious, Lucinda, but I believe I'll have a little toddy too." Augusta waved Jennie aside, and eyed the decanters greedily. "Tea and soft drinks must help Prohibition and I'm against anything that helps Prohibition."

"I'm against Prohibition too," gurgled Jennie. "I never did approve of it. Never did!"

"Poor Mary," sighed Rhoda. She declined her brandy glass and sniffed her bottle of lavender smelling-salts, "how she did enjoy good spirits!"

"Well, they never did her any harm," asserted Augusta, caressing the bowl of her glass.

"They're laying her out in the back parlor," Jennie said with her small hard clarity. "I saw Dexter wiping off the furniture."

IV

LUCINDA had only glimpsed the back parlor since they had turned it into an undertaking parlor

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but the thought of Mary lying there with the light from the crystal chandelier shining in her dead eyes gave her the cold shivers. This couldn't be the festive little room, where she had attended so many elegant gatherings, where she had sat in her rose silk, during an intermission at the Arlington Cotillion, shaking her silly ringlets at young Ira Seaton Vaughn!

Yes, it had the same stained glass windows, which had been so stylish in their day, but which now resembled the windows of a slightly rococo chapel. There was the old dark velvet carpet on the floor, the long centre table, on which the casket was placed, and the sofa and chairs upholstered in black horsehair round the walls. The mantelpiece of black marble with its brass candlesticks and borrowed crucifix made an appropriate altar. Only the crystal chandelier, and its cold sparkling prisms, resembling icicles rather than tears, seemed out of place.

"Well, when my time comes, I'll be ready to go," declaimed Augusta. The brandy had warmed her blood but, as yet, it had not softened her tongue. "Mary was always complaining of her head, she said she couldn't see across the room, but I notice she could see the spots on the cards when she had a mind to."

"My, my, I can see her now," drooled Rhoda. Her eyes were streaming tears from smelling the lavender salts too closely. "She always knitted with white needles on dark wool or dark needles on light wool on account of her eyes. My, my, I suppose we all have to go some time."

"We'd *better* go, if we want any dinner," commanded Augusta. "It's been delightful, Lucinda. You're coming along, aren't you?"

Lucinda nodded. It was impossible to deny Augusta in her voracious gluttony, yet she herself was conscious of being always hungry, hungry, in the curious frantic way of the aged — fearful of losing one word, one morsel, before it was too late.

She found herself racing to the elevator now, clawing at Augusta's skirts ahead of her, the while Jennie and Rhoda clawed at hers from behind. In her haste she not only forgot Mary but also her own heart, contracted like a clenched fist, between her dry breasts.

"Hey, hey, you Dexter, you," called Augusta, thrashing her turkey-tail fan against the elevator shaft, "let us on — wait! — I tell you."

Dexter cracked the door tentatively. "Ah's got a full load now, Mis' Britt. Ah'll be back fur you 'fo' Boston open up de dinin'-room."

"Open that door, I tell you," Augusta shouted, and swept past him. "Come on!"

Lucinda was close on her heels, crushed between Jennie and Rhoda so tightly she could turn neither to left nor to right. Behind her Dexter struggled with the safety door. The lock clicked faintly, there was a louder crack as a coiled black snake snapped over her head, and they pitched down . . . down . . .

Yet, in spite of the speed of her descent, every detail, the dangling of the broken cable, the smeary white faces with their bulging eyes, the loosened flakes of soot, were impressed upon her mind with a searing clarity. For one endless

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moment she seemed to be suspended in air; then they crashed.

There was an absolute and climactic hush of sound, and immediately after a babel of voices. The elevator rested on the safety cushions in the basement, with the upper half of its body visible in the lobby. "Is anybody hurt?" screeched Miss Eustace, above the others. "Is anybody hurt? Come here, Boston, all of you —a terrible accident has happened!"

"Oh, Lawdy, Lawd," moaned Dexter, "what we gwine do now, whut we gwine do now!"

"Shut up!" commanded Augusta, "shut up, the whole lot of you! Nobody's hurt. Get that tall stool from behind Miss Fannie's desk, Boston, and hand it down here. Now you climb up on it, Dexter, and help the rest of us out."

Rhoda obediently climbed up after him, clutching her lavender smelling-salts with her free hand. "My, my, it only goes to show we ought to be prepared for what's coming. I'll never budge a step without my smelling-salts after this. My, my, we were nearly ushered into eternity before we knew it!"

"I didn't have time to think where we were going," screamed Jennie, dabbing at the flecks of saliva in the corners of her mouth.

"We were going down in the cellar," snapped Augusta.

"Mary always said it was a death-trap," Eliza France whimpered. "She was wary of it to her dying day."

"Well, we came near to joining poor Mary tonight," jabbered Jennie. "I'm going to take an extra dose of my heart medicine to be on the safe side. But I can't walk up to the fourth floor to get it! How am I going to get up?"

"We'll have to walk up, no doubt about it," wailed Eliza. "I know I'm in for a siege with my sciatica after this."

"Who said so?" demanded Augusta. "We won't have to walk up, any such. They'll fix that cable before we get up from the dinner table, or I'll know the reason why. I'll start a damage suit for endangering my life, if there's any argument about it!"

"The doors are open," interposed Rhoda faintly. "I think some hot broth would do us all good."

"Where's Lucinda?" yelled Augusta. "Well, I declare, Lucinda, what are you waiting on? Here, you no-account Dexter, get down there and help Mrs. Vaughn up!"

Lucinda hadn't moved. She stood in the elevator just where they had left her, a purplish flush creeping painfully under her wrinkled skin. For she knew something that was yet hidden from the others, she realized with a searing completeness that her secret shame had overtaken her at last. She was dying. It was useless to send Dexter down after her, or to send for Ira and Nina, or to hold Rhoda's lavender smelling-salts close to her nose so she could breathe. She was dying, sinking down, down, to death, another old ladies' home where her youth and her pride lay buried.

She could hear, faintly, a most unseemly commotion above. Her hands caught together, and her fingers interlaced; but when she looked up, the lobby, and all the gaping white faces, had receded into blackness.

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Success or Failure at Geneva?

By Herbert Brucker

Can the world meet France's conditions for disarmament?

The World Conference for Reduction and Limitation of Armaments has failed. To be sure, it has yet to assemble. On February 2 the delegates of more than sixty nations are to gather in Geneva, probably under a fittingly gray and gloomy sky, to fulfill the promise to disarm made twelve years ago at the Paris Peace Conference. They may labor for weeks, perhaps until the last snow melts from the Salève and sunshine colors the hills in green and the lake in deepest blue. But however long or short a time they labor, their efforts will be largely vain. Only a miracle can alter the present fact that the Disarmament Conference is a failure before it begins.

Four things can happen:

The Conference can be postponed at the last minute because of some major disaster, economic or political. Otherwise the Conference is sure to be held — not because the interested nations really want the sessions to begin, but because they have put it off so long that further postponement is the greater of two evils.

The Conference can meet, report progress to date, and adjourn till some other day. This is likely, being a compromise between the necessity of meeting and the impossibility of accomplishing much of anything.

The Conference can meet and stabilize armaments at their existing level, or even arrange a slight reduction for the future. This may be forced on the unwilling nations by economic necessity, but even so it would not be wholly desirable. Mere stabilization at or near existing levels would raise a storm in disarmed Germany, a storm that would have unpleasantly serious repercussions abroad.

The Conference can meet and attack its problem in earnest, and therefore end in violent disagreement. This is possible, but it would so aggravate the evil days on which the world has fallen that one may presume it will be avoided by common consent.

Whatever happens, the net result will be the same. No agreement for a major reduction in armaments will be reached.

II

Notice to this effect was served one hot day last summer upon a world so preoccupied with economic disaster that it remained happily

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unaware of what was going on. On July 21 M. Briand, apostle of peace but also Foreign Minister of France, made public the memorandum on disarmament requested from his Government by the League of Nations. Among a great many other things that memorandum says:

> Such are the steps France has already taken voluntarily . . . toward reduction and limitation of her armaments, which have thus been brought down to a level that appears to her strictly to represent the lowest point consistent with her national security in the present state of Europe and the world.

A little further along the memorandum adds:

> In reality, it is now the entire international situation that must be altered. What must be found is a political solution. The Geneva Protocol afforded such a solution, in which arbitration, mutual assistance, and the limitation of armaments were closely co-ordinated.

There, in four sentences, lies the failure of the Conference. France has declared publicly that she will give up not a cruiser, not a soldier, not a shell for a '75, indeed not a button on a reservist's uniform, unless "the entire international situation" is altered. And she means it. She has said it again and again since the War, never straying from it in her actions by a hair's breadth.

This alteration in the international situation, this political solution which France declares must be found before she will disarm, is well known to students of the European drama since the War. It is the old device of an agreement of other nations to come to her aid if attacked. Such an agreement was asked of the United States and Great Britain while the Versailles Treaty was written, but fell through upon rejection by the United States Senate. The same idea in less specific form, but with more universal application, was made a prominent part of the League of Nations Covenant. It became the basis of the Locarno Treaties. It is vaguely implicit in the Briand-Kellogg Pact, though nowhere avowed in the text. And it is the heart of the dead but unburied Geneva Protocol of 1924.

In essence, the idea is simple. The argument runs thus: "We are now at peace. None of us wants war. Yet we know from history that, sooner or later, another war will come. Let us therefore agree now that, if any one of us shall begin a war, all the others will band together to restrain the peacebreaker — by diplomatic and economic pressure if we can, by the sword if we must."

Ever since the wrangle over the Versailles Treaty, this idea has been anathema to the United States. Whenever France has taken occasion to bring it up, Uncle Sam has paid no attention. And when, as during the negotiations over the Kellogg Pact or the London Naval Treaty, he could no longer ignore it, he has somewhat snappishly refused to have anything to do with it. From the French point of view this is unfortunate. For the very essence of the French thesis is assurance that an aggressor nation shall nowhere find a friend, all the others being committed in advance to unite and strike him down. If we remain outside the system, neutral and ready to sell supplies to an aggressor, how can the system work?

The United States is, of course, a black sheep in the eyes of Paris and

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the Geneva school of peacemakers; but it is not alone in this. Russia, with an even more deplorable record in Geneva, likewise will have nothing to do with the French security plan. She has proposed outright and complete disarmament for all, but no one has suggested calling her bluff, if bluff it is. Likewise Germany, Austria, Hungary, and Bulgaria — the losers in the War — shy from an agreement along French lines. Already disarmed by comparison with the others, they see in it, with much justice, a device to prevent them from regaining equality with the victor nations. Italy, for her own reasons, sympathizes with them. And even England, though also a party to the League and Locarno, is resolved against further guarantees on behalf of France.

So it is that Geneva's disarmament house-party will open with the principal guests divided into two groups. On one side are France and the nations attached to her diplomatic and financial apron-strings — Poland, Belgium, Czechoslovakia, Jugoslavia, Rumania. Failing to get France's "new international order" they will disarm no further. On the other side is a heterogeneous assortment including isolationist America, Bolshevist Russia, disarmed Germany, and troubled Britain. This group is united only by a common antipathy to France's political demands for security.

We have then a collision between two methods of achieving disarmament, each backed by some of the most powerful forces in world affairs. One demands security before disarming. The other demands disarmament without further security. Neither, judged by past performance, is at all likely to give way. That is why the Geneva Conference has failed before it begins.

III

THERE is no such thing as the average American. The nation is made up of too diverse a horde of human beings to be rolled into a single man in the street, however convenient he may be as a repository for something we wish to hang upon all our fellow citizens. It is therefore guesswork to hazard an opinion as to what, down in their hearts, Americans think about disarmament — when, indeed, they think about it at all. But if, admitting this, we nevertheless attempt to formulate the views of a hundred million American individuals the result will be, I think, something like this:

"The United States is the most peaceful nation on earth. Our history shows that, once we get into a war, we can vanquish any nation on earth. But we have no desire for war. Foreign conquest does not lure us. Accordingly we have reduced our army to a pitifully low level, and allowed our navy to become smaller than our national importance warrants. Fortunately we are far away from Europe, with its bloody history and constant bickering. Over there, in spite of the awful lesson of the World War, nations go about more heavily armed than ever, apparently from an innate liking for fancy uniforms and martial display which only too often lead to a grim clash of arms. Perhaps some day those nations will see the error of their ways, and achieve the unmilitary tranquillity which distinguishes us. If

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they do, disarmament will be easy. But until then we want as little as possible to do with their rivalries and their political schemes."

Whether or not this is an accurate statement of the consensus of our citizens, it is a homely version of the official position of our post-War administrations. Mr. Hoover himself put it thus in his Armistice Day speech of 1929:

> No American will arise today and say that we wish one gun or one armed man beyond that necessary for the defense of our people. . . . We will reduce our naval strength in proportion to any other. Having said that, it only remains for the others to say how low they will go. It can not be too low for us.

Earlier in the same speech, the President had declared:

> We are interested in all methods that can be devised to assure the settlement of all controversies between nations. There are today two roads to that end. The European nations have, by the Covenant of the League of Nations, agreed that if nations fail to settle their differences peaceably, then force should be applied by other nations to compel them to be reasonable. We have refused to travel this road. We are confident that at least in the Western Hemisphere public opinion will suffice to check violence. This is the road we propose to travel.

Mr. Harding and Mr. Coolidge said much the same thing before him, and the President himself has spoken in similar vein since. So have our Secretaries of State and our diplomatic representatives, whenever occasion arose. It is our settled policy, and at bottom it rests on these two principles:

1. We stand always ready to lower armaments the moment other nations are ready.

2. We will join no political scheme to enforce peace, preferring to treat each threat of war on its own merits.

These principles are predicated on the assumption that, granted only good will, disarmament may be achieved directly. The United States officially believes, in other words, that the way to disarm is to disarm.

Well, the world has been trying that for a long time. When about six years ago it at last became clear in Europe that the United States would join no political system of enforcing peace, that method was shelved. Disarmament was attacked directly. In December, 1925, the Council of the League of Nations established a Preparatory Commission for the World Disarmament Conference that had been talked about ever since 1919. For when at the end of the war the Allies disarmed the Central Powers, they promised that they themselves would do some disarming soon. Accordingly the Preparatory Commission, after six years had been spent in vain pursuit of the French security pact idea, was to show the way to direct disarmament. Germany was invited, and later Turkey. Even Russia joined after a while. And here too was something the United States could join without prejudice to the national abhorrency of political peace pacts. The Government chose as our delegate Hugh Gibson, nominally Ambassador to Belgium but chiefly a representative to those political activities of the League which it is safe for an American administration to join. Thus the United States became a full-fledged participant in a world-wide effort directed toward disarmament, and nothing else.

Instead of completing its prepara-

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tion in a year, as hoped, the Commission did not finish until five years later, in December, 1930. It produced a draft treaty, a skeleton agreement on the technical lines along which the nations are to reduce armaments. The figures to which arms are to be reduced were not filled in, being left to the coming general Conference itself.

How successful was this direct attack upon disarmament? The answer, of course, will not be definite until the world Conference has met and adjourned. But there is reason to believe that the attempt was so unsuccessful that the Conference would not be held at all were it not essential, after twelve years of postponement, to make some overt gesture toward disarmament. In all, more than fifty reservations to the draft treaty have been registered by the participating nations. Russia has reserved the right to present an entirely different plan, all its own, at the main Conference. Germany, which regards the Conference as the final test of the sincerity of the victor powers on disarmament, submitted twenty of the objections and reservations.

In other words, after five years of really conscientious effort, the nations could not even agree on how they would disarm if they did. The direct attack upon disarmament was beaten back. The way to disarm may be to disarm, but the nations simply do not enter upon that way. Something else is needed.

IV

IT TAKES no great gift of penetration to see that what is lacking is an impelling motive. The nations of Europe do not maintain countless ships, guns, tanks, air squadrons, and regiments because they enjoy paying for them. They do so because the political disputes hanging over from the War make it dangerous to do anything else. In short, they will not disarm until they have good reason to.

An American seeking that reason, however, may well pause. For what reason can he find, save that which would result from carrying out the French idea? A system by which all nations agree in advance to unite in preventing an aggressor from launching war must make it extraordinarily difficult for any one of them to make war. Consequently all nations, under such a system, can feel safe. The compelling reason for large armies and navies is gone, and only a handful of retired generals and admirals and patriotic citizens with high blood pressure remain to regret their passing.

It may be questioned whether the French thesis ever had a fair trial in this country. The nation did, it is true, vote overwhelmingly against one expression of the French idea, the League of Nations. But that was eleven years ago. We can admit now that before the quarrel between President Wilson and the Senate, the country appeared wholeheartedly in favor of the League. The quarrel was as bitter as it was, and the result as decisive, partly because it happened to coincide with a normal reaction after the emotional exaltation of war, and with our disillusionment at the selfishness of our late associates, as revealed at the Paris Peace Conference. The happenings in those

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months between the first meetings in Paris and the political campaign of 1920 stained our thinking on the subject to the core.

Also blocking our acceptance of a system of enforcing peace is the tradition of isolation, founded on Washington's Farewell Address and Jefferson's warning against entangling alliances. But to confuse Eighteenth Century entangling alliances with Twentieth Century commitments on behalf of disarmament is not a credit to one's mental powers. The isolation tradition originated and became fixed in a time when Europe was organized around a balance of power. Alliances in those days, and on up to the World War, were predicated upon the division of the great nations into two or more hostile camps. It was clearly prudent for the young, untried United States to refuse entanglements with one or the other of those shifting alliances, in whose recurring conflicts it must surely become embroiled sooner or later.

Unrepentant critics have pointed out, of course, that even with its policy of isolation it did, in the end, become embroiled in the World War. But however that may be, a different sort of alliance is before us now. It is not an alliance with one of two hostile groups of nations, but an alliance with all nations. Such an alliance constitutes political recognition of the fact that the world has become an economic unit. It recognizes that the well-being of this economic entity requires peace as its first essential; and it aims to bring all the political fragments of the world into a single group bent on assuring peace.

Something of all this is reflected, I think, in the change that has come in Washington's attitude since the world depression became acute last summer, and called for a little closer attention to realities. Both the visit of Premier Laval to Mr. Hoover and the friendly coöperation of Secretary Stimson with the League of Nations in the Manchurian affair indicated a more receptive attitude toward French ideas on security. The Laval visit taught the United States something of the French point of view. And the great lesson which the 1931 economic crisis taught our citizenry is that, in part at least, Europe's troubles are our troubles. So it may be that before these lines are published the Administration, recognizing the necessity of doing something to make the way easy for disarmament, will try to reconcile the American desire for direct disarmament with the French insistence that the danger of war be removed first.

Such a move could take several forms. It might be a new security pact, though so far-reaching an action seems remote. It might be what is called an implementation of the Kellogg Pact. This pact, initiated by France and the United States, and signed by most nations of the world, binds them to abandon war as an instrument of national policy, and to seek settlement of disputes by peaceful means only. But it neither provides these peaceful means, nor specifies what is to happen if some nation violates its pledge and goes to war. Implementation would do this. So far as the United States is concerned, implementation might require merely that we promise to consult with other

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signatories as to what should be done when a threat of war arises. It might go further, and bind us not to insist on the historic neutral right of trading with an aggressor nation which violated the pact.

One difficulty much talked of is that of finding the aggressor. Who was at fault, for example, when the Manchurian clash broke out last September? Was it China, whose soldiers are said to have blown up a section of the South Manchuria railway track? Or was it Japan, which made the incident an excuse for a wholesale military occupation of Manchuria? The difficulty was solved in 1924 when, shortly before the Geneva Protocol was written, a group of ten Americans presented a new definition of an aggressor. It was this: that nation is the aggressor which, having agreed to submit international differences to conciliation, arbitration, or judicial settlement, begins hostilities without having done so.

Since this definition was published it has remained the fashion in this country to smile at those naïve enough to believe that, in the heat of oncoming war, the aggressor can be determined swiftly and with justice. Skeptics point to the last war. Who started that? Even now, nearly eighteen years after, no nation will admit being the aggressor. How then could the guilty nation or nations have been found in those turbulent days, when overwhelming tragedy was coming on so swiftly? The question is, of course, academic. We shall never know. The definition of 1924 had not even been thought of in 1914. But no matter. When a similar threat of war arises in the future, something different is possible — if before then we put into effect the system implicit in the definition. On the face of it, no matter how complicated the issue in an oncoming war, this system will identify the aggressor unmistakably, if indeed it will not keep the armies of possible aggressors quietly at home. Anyway, the test is simple, sure. I believe it was Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler who said that a child could understand it.

This definition, too, was embodied in the Capper resolution introduced into the Senate during the negotiations over the Kellogg Pact in an attempt to implement it. For three years Senator Capper's resolution has been buried in the United States Senate. If now it were to be exhumed, or if some similar commitment were formally launched, the whole face of the Disarmament Conference would change. Certainly if the United States enters the Conference with some advance toward the French disarmament thesis in hand, the assumption with which this article began is wrong. The Conference would not fail, but succeed. Just so far as the United States helps guarantee the security of all nations against war, just so far does it make disarmament possible.

V

THERE remains, however, one rational ground for the American refusal to join a universal political system to enforce peace. We are not, as many Frenchmen believe, merely bull-headed about it.

This basis for our position is the fact that acceptance of the French

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thesis would take away the right of a vanquished nation to recover. It can hardly be questioned, now that the intense emotional heat of 1919 has cooled, that the peace treaties leave France and her friends on top, and Germany and her friends underneath, so far as the European distribution of power is concerned. An out-and-out political agreement by the United States to help enforce peace at any cost would keep them there.

Historically it has always been the right of a vanquished nation to win redress — if it could — with the sword. The traveler is likely to think that Europe's neatly striped boundary posts, with their brightly colored insignia, were always in their present positions. They were not. Ever since Charlemagne the imaginary lines they mark have shifted, now backward, now forward. Aquitania, a large part of Western France, once belonged to England. Milan was ruled in turn by Spain, Austria, and France before finally joining Italy. Berlin itself was under the imperial government of Napoleon. And fifteen years ago Czechoslovakia and Poland did not even exist.

These peregrinations of European boundaries through the centuries have marked the slow rise and fall of monarchical or national power. Almost always changes in that power came through war. And whenever a nation's boundary lines shrank inward after conquest, no power on earth questioned that nation's right to win its losses back again by war. Indeed it was expected, until 1919, that a conquered nation which in turn conquered its enemy would take more than its share of the spoils in territory, loot, and influence.

So it is that we may see war for the foul thing it is. We may recognize its tragic wastefulness. We may be aware of its colossal brutality and the moral disintegration which follows it. We may know that, in its modern form, it punishes victor and vanquished alike. We may admit all this, yet we must recognize that war can be a clumsy instrument of right. War gives nations the same kind of justice that English law gave when it sanctioned trial by battle.

It is this historic right that universal political pacts of the League of Nations and Geneva Protocol school would take away. And if such a pact is as successful as it must be to assure peace, it will take away that right forever. Here then is the dilemma: without a universal pact enforcing peace we can have no disarmament. But with such a pact we have injustice to some nations, always.

VI

NEITHER horn of this dilemma makes a comfortable permanent resting place for mankind. But if it is disarmament and an end of wars we seek, we shall be more comfortable on that which provides enforced peace. Moreover, there is a padding which may be applied to this particular horn with a vast increase in comfort. I refer to machinery for the peaceful settlement of international conflicts. Curiously, this machinery is largely ignored in such action as is taken toward disarmament. It appears nowhere, for example, in the draft treaty which

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will be laid before the Disarmament Conference.

Possibly this is accounted for by the fact that none but students of the subject are aware of the intimate connection between international judicial machinery and disarmament. National publics are not yet in a temper to support a government which dares to barter the physical assurance given by a fleet of battleships or numerous army divisions for a largely untried peace machinery. Yet here, I think, is the one place where the vicious circle of armaments and wars can be broken.

If this is so, the United States is barking up the wrong tree in objecting to security pacts. We refuse to join these pacts largely because they would, by taking from the vanquished the right to recover, perpetuate injustice. Yet it is the injustice, not the security pact, which is evil. The pact is all to the good, since it ends the possibility of war. It is the injustice which should be wiped out. And that can be done if hand in hand with a security pact to enforce peace there goes arbitration machinery or a system of courts which would give a wronged nation relief without resorting to arms. Provide that, and disarmament becomes easy.

A beginning has been made. The League of Nations Covenant makes a gesture of providing for amendment of treaties whose provisions have become irritating with the passing years. The Permanent Court of International Justice at the Hague provides a bar before which disputes between nations may be tried. Numerous arbitration treaties between individual nations are in effect to take care of minor issues. But these beginnings are hopelessly inadequate to the task of providing a safety valve through which the pressure that would ordinarily lead to war may be released. Something of the desired sort was provided in the Geneva Protocol, though even that contained a technical loophole through which France might escape with the entire Versailles Treaty, injustices and all, intact. What is needed is a universal machinery of arbitration, so authoritative that no nation, however skilful its diplomacy, can escape its jurisdiction.

It is not the province of an article on disarmament to elaborate the details of such a system. But it is essential to insist that, without it, hope for disarmament that can be felt in the taxpayer's pocketbook is vain. If the world wants to save the $5,000,000,000 a year which Mr. Hoover estimates its armament to cost, it must not only take from the vanquished nation its sword, but give in its place the scales of justice.

There are those who protest that the ingenuity of man can construct no scales of justice competent to weigh the issues between nation and nation. Consider, they say, that constant threat of war, the Polish Corridor. It is wrong to cut Germany in two, which the Corridor does. But it is equally wrong to deny Poland an outlet to the sea, which the Corridor provides. Here is a direct clash of national interest. It is complicated, furthermore, by a hundred qualifications, based on history, ethnography, and economics. How then, the critics ask, can you declare Germany right and Poland wrong,

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or vice versa? Between them there is no justice. Both are right.

For an answer one may turn to two individuals, or two corporations, when they go to court. Is the issue always a pure black and white, with one litigant wholly right and the other wrong? Or must the court weigh a dozen finely drawn issues, finally striking a balance somewhere between?

Admittedly it would be difficult for a special board of arbitrators or the eleven black-robed justices at the Hague to unravel so tangled a mass of rights as that involved in the Polish Corridor. But is it not reasonable to suppose that these picked men would decide the issue more intelligently, and above all less wastefully, than armies? Once let war begin to settle an issue like that, and it will leave a trail of devastation, bitterness, and destruction through the years, to end God only knows where.

It is, then, only by linking an air-tight security pact with a universal machinery capable of settling disputes peacefully that we can find peace. Unless the nations of Europe and the world are suddenly to do the impossible and settle all their bitter political disputes at once in an access of good will, machinery must be provided to make those adjustments gradually through the years, without war. Here is the road down which the nations must march if they are to disarm.

That road leads to happier times than these. But if the world is really to go down it, it will do so knowing this: that nations, easily given to bellicose passion where national disputes are concerned, must resign themselves to trusting causes in which they deeply believe to the mercy of a court; that they may no longer beat an opponent into submission, but must offer reasons for their actions instead; that they must abandon some fraction of the sacred rights of national sovereignty; and that they must give up the formula "my country, right or wrong" as being too like "my mother, drunk or sober."

One need not be of a dyspeptic cast of mind to believe that the day when these things shall come to pass is still far off. And so, when soon the Disarmament Conference opens in Geneva to lift the load of armament off the back of the oppressed taxpayer, and to release every mother from the fear that her son will be a sacrifice to war, we must not expect too much. The ancient habits and prejudices of mankind can not be wiped out by a conference. We may hope that there will be a halt in the race for armament, and perhaps even a slight reduction. But real disarmament is hardly possible. Before that can come the nations of the world — and first of all the United States — must set up those conditions which make disarmament desirable.

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Mexico Reaches a Turn

By Richard C. Wilson

Her trial of socialism is ending in failure

So many fingers have helped stir the pot of Mexico's twenty-year social revolution that there is little wonder that today finds the soup too salty for the average investor to lend much enthusiasm to the national industrial development campaign of President Pascual Ortiz Rubio and his administration. Almost three years have elapsed since shots and shouts of the last rebellion faded away on the plains of Chihuahua and, braced by the confidence nearly three years of internal peace bring to a nation that has witnessed twenty years of bloody strife, the survivors have at last found time to take invoice of the republic's economic structure.

It is traditional in Mexico that brewing internal discontent comes to a head in the spring of the year. That is the season the political pot usually boils over. There is no particular reason why the swarthy *caballeros* below the Rio Grande select this season of the year to load up their carbines and all attempts to find psychological or other reasons are met with a shrugging "*quién sabe?*"

With the approaching end of the third year of peace since the abortive revolutionary attempt of José Escobar was made in March, 1929, the administration of President Ortiz Rubio, guided by the iron hand of General Plutarco Elias Calles, is displaying an air of permanency. The feeling has become general throughout the war-torn republic that so long as General Calles lives — he is fifty-three years old — peace will remain.

However, a pain more acute than that of internal strife has gripped our southern neighbor in recent months. Governmental revenues are at low ebb from the lack of economic progress and the Smoot-Hawley tariff wall of the United States has bitten deeply into the gold reserves of the treasury.

In fact the diminutive Señor Luis Montes de Oca, Minister of Finance, has been as occupied as the small boy who found a leak in the Holland dike. He has called on the best minds of Mexico to aid him in his quest for more gold to appease the *capitalistas* of the northern neighbor.

Mexico's balance of trade is off nearly $2,000,000 monthly; the international bankers group of New York has demanded at least the long overdue interest payments on

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Mexico's $500,000,000 foreign debt; the treasury sorely needs additional millions to stabilize the decreased exchange value of the peso; tax receipts on the once mighty Mexican oil production have become negligible because of the huge slump in production; and industry and agriculture are at their lowest ebb.

To top off Mexico's Horn of Hunger, the world-wide depression has made itself felt even to the lowly, illiterate peon whose every day contact with civilization is remote.

PRESIDENT ORTIZ RUBIO is a man of a new type in the leadership of Mexico. He is not a military man as were most of his predecessors — Calles, Obregon, Carranza, Huerta, to name but a few. He is an engineer and a diplomat, quiet-mannered and far-sighted — a rare combination in Mexican Presidents. A prominent Mexican recently remarked: "We have a President trying to rule by kindness instead of force for the first time in our history. Only God knows if we are ready for it."

The President's pre-inaugural tour of the United States gave him the opportunity to invite American capital into Mexico to develop the vast natural resources of his country. He succeeded in inducing several business leaders of this country to cross the Rio Grande and each was sumptuously entertained at Chapultepec Castle, that elaborate and beautiful White House of Mexico, situated atop Chapultepec Heights overlooking Mexico City. However, the American dollars which Minister of Finance Montes de Oca so eagerly seeks failed to respond to the wine of the banquet table.

Señor Ortiz Rubio was learning at first hand why American business was declining to add more to the $672,000,000 this country already has invested in Mexico. At length he began to throw out "feelers" to determine what form — bullets or words — reaction would take to basic changes in the potent, but highly socialistic agrarian and labor laws. The agrarian and labor law issue has been the mainstay of all successful upheavals in Mexico since the dictatorship of Porfirio Diaz was overthrown in 1910.

During the thirty-year reign of Porfirio Diaz, the longest of any man in the colorful history of Mexico since Cortes' conquest of the Aztecs, the *capitalistas* or wealthy land-owning class ruled with an iron hand that kept the barefooted, *serape*-clad peon in virtual slavery. His rights and pleasures from life were meagre and he learned to anticipate death as a pleasant relief.

The revolution preceded the overthrow of monarchy in Russia by seven years. Mexico, however, lacked the leadership of a Lenin or a Stalin. Young Francisco I. Madero, whose revolt unseated the decaying rule of the aging Diaz, was an idealist and fell an unsuspecting victim to treachery on the part of gold-greedy compatriots. Hence the turmoil in Mexico after Madero was assassinated continued until the personality of Calles reached its apex about 1924. As quickly as he became President he perfected a consolidation of the divided revolutionary forces to restore a semblance of peace and to give strength to the two fundamentals that had emerged from fifteen years of strife.

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The present constitution of Mexico was adopted in 1917 during the heat of revolutionary passion. Out of the passing parade of presidents down to Calles, however, none had assembled the military strength to put all of the provisions of that highly socialistic document into force. In order to bind the agrarians, who were leaving destruction in their wake as they pillaged and burned *haciendas* in their quest of land, and the laboring class, which demanded adequate wages and recognition for their unions, Calles became a radical constitutionalist.

His was a daring step. While it appeased labor and the agrarians it ripped a breach between the populace and the Government by the restrictions it placed on the Catholic Church. The controversy between Church and State, brought to a peaceful settlement by the guiding hand of the late Ambassador Dwight W. Morrow, is history.

Division of land under the agrarian law began in earnest and labor gained such strength that its rights in the United States seem insignificant in comparison. The *Confederación Regional Obrere Mexicana*, popularly known as the C. R. O. M., was formed in 1918 with 7,000 members. With the stimulus of President Calles' administration it became the dominant labor organization and leading political faction, and in 1930 had 1,500,000 members.

The labor groups were brought together with the agrarians by the Calles régime to form the *Partido Nacional Revolucionario*, the ruling political party. It is only routine news today to read of the victories of the P. N. R. in municipal, state and national elections. Its dominance in the political life of Mexico is absolute.

President Calles gave complete enforcement to Article 123 of the 1917 constitution as he did to other untested provisions of that radical document. Its provisions gave labor every guarantee and left capital without mention. Let me quote a few:

> In all agricultural, industrial, mining or other class of work, employers are obliged to furnish their workmen with comfortable and sanitary habitations, for which they may charge rents not exceeding one-half of one per cent of the assessed value of the property.
>
> Employers are held responsible for labor accidents and deaths caused by the work done; therefore, employers must pay the corresponding indemnity according to whether death or temporary or permanent disability has ensued, in accordance with the provisions of the law.
>
> Suspensions of work shall only be lawful when the excess of production renders it necessary to close down in order to maintain prices above the cost of production, and when previously approved by the Board of Conciliation and Arbitration.
>
> The employer who discharges a workman without just cause or for being a member of a union or syndicate, or for having taken part in a lawful strike, must at the option of the laborer, either perform the contract or indemnify the workman by the payment of three months' salary. He will also have the same obligation if the workman leaves his employ on account of lack of good faith on the part of the employer, or of mistreatment either as to his own person or that of his wife, parents, children, brothers or sisters.

Under this last provision it is difficult to be rid of an unsatisfactory employe — whether he or she be only a house servant or a skilled worker — without the payment of three months' advance salary. Even then there are many cases on record of the Board of Conciliation and

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Arbitration ordering the reëmployment of the discharged worker.

I recall the case of a Mexico City business man who discharged an unsatisfactory stenographer, paying her the customary three months' indemnity. Not satisfied with this the *señorita* appealed to the Board, alleging that there was not just cause for her discharge. Haste is wholly unknown in Mexico, and the Government's Board of Conciliation and Arbitration is not an exception to the rule. It was several weeks before the Board agreed with the allegation of the stenographer and ordered her returned to work. Furthermore, she was to be paid her regular salary for the weeks the Board had been considering her case! Her employer fitted up a desk for his stenographic leech in an unused room and gave her no duties to perform. She had the entire day to sit at her desk and do nothing more than manicure her nails. But not to be thus humiliated, the *señorita* rushed back to the Board, with the subsequent result that her employer was ordered to return her to the same work she had previously done and in the same spot in his office where she had formerly worked.

SEVERAL of the silver mining companies faced bankruptcy for a time in 1931 while they awaited governmental permission to curtail operations until silver prices returned to a stable basis. Several companies lost heavily because of the delay by the Board of Conciliation and Arbitration in granting them authority to reduce their activities. Ordinarily it required from one to six months to obtain consent to limit operations in conformance to prevailing economic conditions. While awaiting the pleasure of the Board in one or two instances governors of states threatened to use military force to prevent the mining companies from reducing production.

Inasmuch as Mexico is one of the world's greatest silver mining centres, the slump in silver prices was a particularly hard blow. Not only did the shutdown of the mines throw thousands of miners out of work, but governmental revenues had another setback.

The silver decline brought a wider breach between the gold and silver pesos and for a time Mexico's financial structure was on the brink of disaster. The gold peso was thirty-five per cent more valuable in commercial avenues than the silver peso. Too often in the past have Mexicans seen the currency of one régime become worthless overnight. During the heyday of Pancho Villa a printing press was all that was necessary to issue money. Today Mexicans insist that the coins circulated in the republic must contain their actual value in gold or silver.

The timely appearance of General Calles saved the day. Although he had been guiding affairs of the republic from "retirement" the "Iron Man" now found it necessary to reenter the active political picture. He became head of the Banco de Mexico, which corresponds to our Federal Reserve system.

After easing the acute financial situation, Calles assumed an even more active rôle by becoming Minister of War in the cabinet of President Ortiz Rubio, replacing General Joaquín Amaro. At the same time General Amaro withdrew, General Juan

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Andreu Almazán, who played a major part in quelling the Escobar revolt in 1929, resigned as Minister of Communications and Public Works. With these two generals out of the cabinet, President Ortiz Rubio had, excepting General Calles, removed all trace of the military from his administration. At the time this is written his cabinet has fewer military men than any presidential administration in the history of Mexico.

Returning to the labor problem, we find that the Government has attempted to fulfill its promises to labor by forcing all industrial organizations to continue full speed ahead. It hoped to reduce the constantly growing importations from the United States and thus preserve the meagre gold balance.

An example of this zeal on the part of the Government was shown in the case of a Mexico City shoe factory, owned by American capital. The factory was destroyed by fire. Because of poor business conditions and lack of sufficient funds to reëstablish their business firmly, the company decided to delay reconstruction of the factory until 1932. Employes of the plant went before the Board of Conciliation and Arbitration with a demand for relief. Within sixty days the Board ordered the company to rebuild its factory at once and reemploy all its workers, paying them at the regular wage scale for the time they had been idle because of the fire.

Cases of this kind, until quite recently, have been the rule rather than the exception and nearly every large business organization in the republic can relate incidents similar to the foregoing.

As early as 1926, Moises Saenz, then a subhead in the Ministry of Labor, told a seminar at the University of Chicago, "The fear has often been expressed that the labor people, especially on account of their political proclivities, are likely to cause a great deal of trouble in Mexico." By 1931 this trouble referred to by Señor Saenz made itself felt in the Government's treasury where Señor Montes de Oca was striving to raise $5,000,000 to pay on the long overdue interest on Mexico's foreign debt. The American investors the President had induced to visit Mexico had seen the tremendous handicap of the labor laws and returned home.

THE agrarian law has been a worse boomerang for Mexico, particularly to the uneducated horde whose clamorings it was designed to appease. Even the half-civilized Indians of the unexplored regions must eat. The effect of the agrarian law is best shown by the startling figures submitted recently to Congress by Gonzalo Bautista, one of its members, showing that Mexico's output of corn and beans, the prime necessities of the country, had decreased in 1929 and 1930 to about one-fourth the crop produced in 1910, the last year of the Diaz régime. Meanwhile the population had increased 2,069,250 from 1921 to 1930 when the federal census gave Mexico 16,404,030 inhabitants.

Under the constitution of 1917 the Government was authorized to have ". . . at all times the right to put private property to the uses which the public interests demand. . . . With this object in view neces-

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sary measures will be dictated for the diversion of the large estates." The Government hoped to satisfy the warring agrarians' land lust by giving each a small tract of land, thus binding them with the labor class into a political unit sufficiently powerful to perpetuate the régime in power.

It is needless to report that agricultural production on the large *haciendas* — which produced approximately eighty-five per cent of Mexico's foodstuff — began a marked decline. It may have been pure coincidence that the federal agrarian commission invariably decided just at harvest time to seize the bountiful lands of an estate for distribution to the lowly peons. The large land owner did not think so when he received nothing for the crops on his confiscated lands.

Having no money to pay owners whose lands were confiscated the Government paid in National Agrarian Bonds. The fixed payment was the assessed valuation for taxation purposes plus ten per cent. These agrarian bonds can be bought anywhere in the republic today for about sixteen per cent of their face value.

In theory the socialistic agrarian policy promised to remove the peon from his miserable existence and make things rosy for the clever chaps who conceived this idea for uniting the numerical strength of the proletariat by destroying all the rights of capital. In practice, however, it has almost bankrupted the country and has brought hunger to the very door of those it was intended to help.

Before any change in the theory could be made it was necessary to gain the approval of General Calles. That gentleman quietly capitulated in the autumn of 1930, admitting in a speech at Monterey that the agrarian act was too advanced for his people. I say "quietly" because an overnight correction in this basic law was impossible without a renewal of the bloodshed which began in 1910. With more than eighty per cent of the nation illiterate it was necessary to proceed cautiously in making the necessary revisions.

The changes have not been made congressionally at this writing, but the attitude of the Government is effecting them without the process of congressional action. The political lieutenants of the *Partido Nacional Revolucionario* have been convinced that it is not possible to hand a square of land to a peon who lacks the education, equipment or finances to farm it and expect national agricultural development to follow.

The Federal Agrarian Commission announced in 1931 that land seizures had been completed in ten states and that no further confiscations would be made in those provinces. Gradually the commission has been withdrawing from other states and President Ortiz Rubio has asked Congress to provide guarantees for no further land seizures under the agrarian act.

Likewise the President asked Congress to enact a revised labor code which would make sufficient guarantees to capital to encourage an invasion of American dollars. Throughout the summer of 1931 congressional leaders considered the new labor code. There was considerable disappointment in the fall when the revisions were enacted. Because of fear of trouble from the labor element, changes from the original

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code were so minor that observers for American industries only grunted in disgust and advised their home offices to "wait awhile" before launching projects in Mexico. It is felt that a beginning has been made, however, and that additional corrections in the labor code will follow in coming months.

THUS we find Mexico's experiment in socialistic theories drawing to a close, with the nation poverty-stricken by its attempt to divorce capital and labor, giving all the alimony to the latter. General Calles, the iron-willed leader who fulfilled the peons' greed for dominance over capital, has found it necessary to become financial and military head of the republic to guide it through the economic crisis resulting from the gifts of his administration.

The task confronting the "Iron Man" is one for a Ponzi. Within fifteen months after the Montes de Oca-Lamont agreement for payments on the foreign debt in 1930, Mexico exported $13,400,000 in gold to the United States. These exportations continue at the present time despite the acute internal financial situation. They must continue. Foreign powers refuse to loan Mexico additional millions until substantial payments are made on interest, six years past due, of the half billion foreign debt.

While Calles ponders the financial problem, President Ortiz Rubio has turned his attention to the long neglected educational and highway construction programmes as the soundest means to lead his country from its plight. At his request the Ministry of Education and the Ministry of Communications and Public Works in 1931 were given the largest budgets in the history of the republic.

"An intense educative programme must be carried out as the only solid and definite method towards a rapid social betterment of our people," the President told Congress, pointing out that hardly fifty per cent of the school age population attended school in 1930. The increase in the educational budget from 58,000,000 pesos to 74,000,000 pesos made it possible to establish almost 700 new rural schools during 1931.

A hard-surfaced highway from Laredo, Texas, to Mexico City — a distance of nearly 800 miles — is expected to be completed in time to catch the 1933 Yankee tourist trade. The Mexicans living along sections of this asphalt ribbon will receive an education from the strange faces and vehicles (thousands of natives have never seen an automobile) that will visit their settlements.

The President has established a governmental tourist commission with a representative in New York to stimulate the American tourist business. He believes the millions of dollars these *gringo* travelers will leave behind, together with an adequate educational system for his countrymen, will be the means of making his people contented and productive. From a financial standpoint, at least, his plan can not cost Mexico any more in decreased revenues than has the experiment with socialistic laws.

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Hot Iron

By Manly Stearns Mumford

Recollections of a steel worker

The mill hands always called it "iron." Never steel. I suppose it was the same curious American habit which causes an aviator to refer to his plane as a crate, a motorist to call his car a boat, a sailor to label his craft a tub. At any rate, steel was always called iron.

In the open hearth furnace the molten steel boiled and bubbled like water in a teakettle. Paul, the Polish third helper, peering through blue glasses at the fluid metal would often shake his head and say:

"Boy, look at that iron boil."

In the billet yard, Ed, the Negro chainman, unhooked the smoking links from a red hot pile of steel, just lowered by the crane. Shielding his face from the terrific heat with his left hand as he jerked the chain loose with a crooked length of wire, he shook his head and burst out:

"Damn, that iron's hot."

Ed probably said that a hundred times a day. And when I helped him I learned to say it, too. It was always hot. The iron, that is. Right off the rolls of the twelve-inch mill. Red as a sunset viewed through a cloud of smoke. Sometimes it took nearly half an hour for it to get black. And then it was more dangerous than ever. When the pile was red you knew it was hot, but when it turned black you might accidentally rest your hand against it, or put your foot on the lowest billet. You found out it didn't have to be red to burn.

I was eighteen when I first went into the mills. I had worked around artificial heat before; in the oil refinery and in the glass works, where the heat of a Kansas harvest field seemed like a cool breath in comparison. But the steel mills were hotter. A sustained heat that could not be escaped.

A whole acre covered with hot iron. Some smoking. Some not. But always the heat waves dancing and jiggling before your eyes. Night or day it was just the same. Summer or winter. If it was raining there was always a hissing noise where the water struck the hot billets. And clouds of steam. That was hot too.

I needed a job. When I applied at the gate and was told to report to Jim, the billet yard foreman, it seemed too good to be true. This was in the days of the twelve-hour shift. I didn't even know that any steel mills thought of running eight hour days. I suppose there must have been some, even then. Six to six. Day or night.

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Seven days a week. Those were our working days.

The pay was good, I thought. Twenty-two and a half cents an hour for common labor, which is what I was. That was two dollars and seventy cents a day. Multiplied by seven, that brings eighteen dollars and ninety cents for a week's work. But I usually made more than that because of the overtime. The mill was busy then and men were hard to find. Twice or three times a week I put in thirteen or fourteen hour days. We didn't get paid time and a half for overtime. Just straight pay.

Sometimes, when changing from the day shift to the night shift, or back again, I got a twenty-four hour trick, and once when my relief didn't show up I put in thirty-six hours.

I didn't actually work all those thirty-six hours but I must have worked thirty-two of them. The other four, on the night shift, I cheated the company of. I slept. In little snatches of fifteen or twenty minutes at a time. With a plank for a bed and a brick for a pillow. Alongside the gas producer or in the timekeeper's shanty. But it's hard to sleep in a steel mill. There is so much noise. And things are always falling. A clumsy crane man can tip over a pile of billets and knock the shanty down. It's really safer to stay awake. But thirty-six hours is a long time to do that.

At first the work was hard. Wrestling billets and bars with a wrench. Carrying oxygen tanks for the burners. Hooking and unhooking the chains from the crane. And always the hard steel. I got to appreciate the expression "hard as steel." If I bumped into a protruding billet it felt as though my hip was broken.

And always overhead were the tons of steel. Being carried back and forth, back and forth by the crane. A dozen billets to a load, each weighing a quarter of a ton. If they fell. . . . If even one of them fell. . . . And sometimes they did fall. A chain would break once in a while and then it was run for your life. But the chain didn't have to break to make trouble. There might be a kink in it. And it came out, spilling the load, scattering it in all directions. And the running itself was dangerous. It was so easy to crack an ankle against a hunk of iron.

I WAS glad when I was promoted to the job of inspector. It wasn't such hard physical labor. An eighteen-year-old boy can stand a lot of punishment but a twelve-hour day of labor wears him down. And the overtime doesn't do him much good.

It was so hard to get up in the morning. I lived nearly three miles from the mill. And there was no way to get there except to walk. It took nearly an hour. That meant crawling out of bed at a quarter after four in the morning. By the time I had dressed, eaten breakfast and walked to the mill it was six o'clock. Of course, the time clock kept a record of what time you came to work, and if you were late, your pay was docked.

At night, when the six o'clock whistle blew there was the walk home again. Supper was at seven, just as soon as I got home. Over at seven thirty. To get eight hours' sleep it was necessary to go to bed at eight fifteen. It wasn't hard to go to

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sleep either. The men in the mills didn't need veronal for their insomnia. The twelve-hour day was enough of a sedative.

But a boy couldn't go to bed at eight o'clock every night. There were dances to go to, and shows to see, and pool to play, and beer to drink. Often it was past midnight when I got to bed, leaving only four hours for sleep. But it seemed to do, somehow. About noon the next day my eyes needed toothpicks between the lids, but the sleepiness wore off until about half past four. That last hour and a half was torture. And heat always makes you sleepy. Nobody was sorry when six o'clock came, but even then, sometimes overtime was demanded. That was hard, but I never seemed to get worn out: I was young. I felt sorry for the old men, though. Men of forty. I could see that they were dragging the ground. They could hardly lift their feet. Their eyes were tired and their heads bent low. In those days I thought a man of forty was mighty old, and he was, in the steel mills.

Then I got a better job. Foreman of the night shearing gang for the eight-inch mill. There wasn't much work to do. Just see to it that the shearers cut the cold billets to the right length, cut the right number of them, loaded them on a truck and wheeled them into the back end of the mill. There was some work in keeping tally, and making certain that the steel was at the shears. One or two scraps each night with the sleepy crane man, to get him to bring billets when they were wanted. Very often it was necessary to throw rocks, or little pieces of steel, at him in his little cage to wake him up. A crane operator's job was lonely. All up there by himself he was, with no one to talk to for twelve long hours. I think he even liked being cursed out. At least some one was talking to him.

It was then I learned to be a strander. In the long nights, when the mill was running the same size bars the shear gang didn't need any watching. So I watched the men on the rolls: the roughers, the stranders, the straighteners. It was a little eight-inch mill. Fast. . . . Too fast for safety. But no one seemed to think much about safety in those days. Stranding on the eight-inch mill was considered the most dangerous job in the plant. That was why it was so alluring.

At the back end of the mill was the furnace where the billets were heated preparatory to rolling. It was an old-fashioned furnace, forty years out of date, I imagine, but then, just before the War, steel brought a high price and even an inefficient mill could make profits for the stockholders.

The billets were dragged out of the furnace by hand and skidded up to the roughing rolls. These were like the rollers on a wringer, only twenty times as big. With grooves in them. Back and forth the billet went between the roughing rolls, growing thinner and longer with each passage. After four or six passes the steel was long enough and thin enough to bend. Then it was stuck into the stranding rolls. Here the stranders caught it. With their backs to the rolls they stood, pairs of tongs in their hands. As the steel streaked out of the guide they caught it, turned swiftly and stuck it into

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the next roll. It grew longer and thinner all the time. By the time it reached the finishing rolls it might be a hundred feet long, a sixteenth of an inch thick, and an inch wide. But always it was running around the stranders, billowing up and down.

A bar was hard to catch as it came out of the rolls. It came so fast. A strander could hardly wait until he saw it, he might miss it. After a while he learned to snap his tongs when he heard the bar hit the rolls on the other side. If he did it just right he caught the bar about eighteen inches from the end, so it was easy to handle. If he got a much longer hold on it, the bar would bend and the end would hit against his leg. Of course, it was red hot.

I remember the first time I saw the rolling mill men working. So many of them seemed to be painted yellow in various places. On their faces, necks, arms, hands. I wondered what the yellow was. I found out soon enough. It was picric acid. That was what they always put on themselves where the steel burned them.

It was fascinating to watch, this stranding and rolling. The men, dressed like weird gnomes, with hot steel running all around them. The moving bars looked like giant, red hot snakes, twisting, slithering, chasing one another over the iron floor and through the rolls.

I wondered at the curious garb of the stranders. But I found out about that soon enough, too. They hardly ever wore shirts. Many of them were stripped to their waists, or they worked in their undershirts. And they wore big canvas aprons to keep the heat off their abdomens and thighs. On their legs they often had leggings made of thin sheet iron, covered with canvas. A similar device covered the tops of their shoes. The heat was awful below the waist, where the steel ran all the time.

The iron floor was so hot that it sputtered when they spit on it. The soles of a pair of shoes would burn out in a single night. To avoid this the men made extra soles. Old leather belting, two or three layers of it. Layers of heavy canvas. Old auto tires. Anything like that they would cut up and make extra soles, sometimes two inches thick. Sometimes they would nail it to their shoes. Sometimes not. Often they would simply wire it on. Even then their feet got hot.

There were always two sets of stranders and roughers. It was so hot they could not work for long at a time, so they spelled each other. Regularly they worked a half hour and rested a half hour. In the summer it was fifteen minutes' work and fifteen rest. And sometimes they cut it down to ten.

At night when the shear gang didn't need watching I watched the stranders. Night after night I spent the time there when I could have been resting out in the billet yard where it was not so hot. Then I began to take a turn now and then at the rolls. I didn't have to do it. In fact I wasn't even encouraged to do so by the roller. The roller is the boss of the rolling mill. But the stranders were always glad to teach me. If I could work five or ten minutes for one of them, it meant just that much less exposure to the heat for him. And on a hot night every minute of rest helps.

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GRADUALLY I learned. When the mill was slow I would try my hand. At first I was awkward. I missed many bars and had to grab the back end after they had run through the rolls. That slowed the mill up a good deal and sometimes made the roller angry. But he was very patient. Sometimes he would take the tongs himself, show me how to hold them, how to swing the bar, how to insert it in the guide, and how to dodge the tail end which came snapping around.

Of course I was scared at first. I dreaded going in and taking the tongs. Sometimes I would sit for half an hour, trying to screw up courage to go in and relieve a man. I can't tell now why I did it; I didn't have to. But I guess it was a kind of game. I didn't want to admit that I was a coward. There were lots of men who couldn't do it. They never could learn. It took a quick eye and a quick hand, besides nerve. Only about one out of five men who tried to become stranders succeeded. And there were lots more who wouldn't try. They were the sensible ones.

But Al, the roller, told me one night that I'd either have to learn or quit coming in. If I got in a tight place; if the steel was coming too fast for me to handle in comfort; if I missed a bar or two; I always got out. This night I missed three in succession. It slowed the mill down and the other men were holding the bars, waiting for me. They were cursing and shouting at me. The steel was burning their hands. I was burning up. My hands were beginning to blister, the heat was so constant. I motioned to Gus, the strander I was relieving, to come in and take the tongs. I couldn't stand it any longer. But Al saw me.

"Stay there, God damn you," he yelled. "If you're goin' to relieve a man, relieve him. Stay there and keep your head. You lose your head."

I looked pleadingly at Gus, but he grinned. He was afraid of Al. Another bar came through just then and I missed it. By the time I got the tail end in the rolls another came through. I caught this one, bent it and got it in the rolls. I didn't have time to look at Gus again. The steel was coming too fast. I was almost ready to drop, and the heat on my hands was driving me crazy. The rolls began to go black before my eyes. I was dizzy and my knees were wobbly. But I had to keep on. I couldn't get out until Gus relieved me. It seemed like an hour before he came. I suppose it was about five minutes. But I hadn't missed a bar in that time.

As I staggered out and flopped on the bench my hands were trembling so I could not control them. And I was stifled for lack of air. I guess I was on the verge of collapse. I sat down and reached for the cup to get a drink out of the bucket. I began to gulp. Suddenly Al came over.

"Stop," he yelled as he grabbed the cup. "You damn fool, you'll kill yourself."

I stopped.

"Don't never drink like that, when you're hot," he said.

Then I remembered. A man should never gulp water when he's burning up inside. He should only sip a little. I had noticed that there was never any ice water around. Only tepid, lukewarm stuff. And in summer

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sometimes the boss would throw a handful of oatmeal into the water bucket. So a man couldn't drink much, I suppose.

I sat on the bench panting. Al, the boss, sat down beside me. He gave me a cigarette. After a minute he put his hand on my arm.

"Are you all right, kid?" he asked.

I nodded.

"You got to learn to keep your head," he said. "That's why I made you stay in there. Don't never get scared. You'll never learn if you do. Just keep your head. Now you go in there again after a bit and try it again."

I didn't think I could do it. I had decided never again to try to be a strander. But Al's words stuck in my mind. I had some hazy idea, I think, that he was trying to make a man of me. The same idea was in his mind as in that of the cowboy who climbs on his horse immediately after he is thrown.

I sat on pins and needles for a long time, not daring to think about going in. It wasn't all danger that made me afraid, although there is the constant chance of having a leg torn off by a hot ribbon of steel. It was more buck fever. I went outside to attend to my real job, the shear gang. After a bit I came back into the mill, having decided to try again on the rolls.

But I waited a while. The mill was running fast, the bars coming through right after each other. I thought I would wait until the mill slowed down. I waited and waited, but it didn't slow down. At last I could stand it no longer.

I stepped over the waving strips and touched Gus on the shoulder. He grinned and handed me the tongs. I missed the first bar. But I was fresh then and didn't get scared. I could see Al watching me. The next bar I caught, and the next. I stuck until Louis, Gus's partner, came in to take his trick. I had entirely conquered my stage fright.

After that I took a turn or two each night, relieving first one and then another, until I was familiar with every turn on the rolls. As the weeks wore on I grew more proficient and confident. Al no longer growled when I relieved some one.

I also learned the straightening job. This was not considered so dangerous as stranding, nor did it take such a degree of dexterity. As the red hot bars leave the last, or finishing rolls, they are sent into a long trough in which is an endless belt conveyor. They shoot down a hundred feet or so in the trough. As soon as they come to a stop the straighteners, one at each end, seize the ends with tongs and whip the bars out of the trough, sliding them down a sloping iron grating, where they may cool. The job takes a certain knack, something like the trick of cracking a blacksnake whip.

I continued my job as boss of the shear gang and got a raise in wages, to twenty-five cents an hour, an even three dollars a day. But each night I continued my practice in stranding, or straightening. The stranders seemed to appreciate it. They did little things for me such as putting new soles on my shoes, making me new leggings, sometimes even fighting with the crane man for me, while I caught a few winks of sleep. The night shift is harder, in a way,

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than the day shift. It's more difficult to sleep in the day time, especially in the summer when the thermometer hovers around ninety.

Even Lee, the finisher, let me take a trick at his rolls now and then. The finishing job is supposed to be the most skilled of all. The steel is thinner when it reaches him, and harder to handle. In addition he has the scraper to run, to remove some of the scale from the steel. He has to work much faster than any of the other stranders. And often the end of the bar is slightly cooled when it reaches him, making it harder to insert into the rolls. The steel may be a dull red instead of a brilliant sparkle when it reaches him. But I learned that job, too, after a fashion.

At last one night Al gave me a regular job on his mill. It was the night that George got burned. George was the down end straightener, whose position was nearest the rolls.

The mill was running concrete reinforcing bars this night. They were coming fast and hot. I was sitting on a bench with some of the others when it happened. George had his back to the rolls and was whipping out a finished rod. The next rod shot out and something went wrong. I think a guide had worked loose. Instead of remaining in the trough, the bar jumped the low walls and shot out at an angle. Some one yelled at George, but it was too late. The rod hit his foot. He fell and became entangled in it. Al shut off the power immediately and every one rushed up, each with a pair of tongs or shears to extricate George. He was screaming and the smell of burnt flesh was sickening. They had the steel away from him in a minute except from his foot. The sharp end of the rod, three-eighths of an inch in diameter, had pierced his foot about an inch above his heel, between the tendon and the ankle. Fifty feet of it had gone through and another fifty was behind. It couldn't be pulled out. Al and some one else quickly cut it with shears and tried to pull it out, but it had burned its way out, through the tendon, by that time.

The men carried George over to the bench and laid him down, stripping his clothes off as they did so. He was badly burned on the arms, legs, hips and even across his back, where the red hot rod had looped around him. His foot, of course, was ruined. We cut the shoe off, poured picric acid over his burns and took him over to the chemist's room. They had no hospital in the plant, nor any doctors. The chemist did his best to fix George up, by putting iodine and more picric acid on him, but the poor fellow was in terrific pain. The chemist, I wish I could remember his name, wasn't much help. He had too weak a stomach. I remembered once before when a Greek, working for me in the billet yard, had mashed his hand so that two fingers came off. The white bone was sticking out through the flesh. I took him up to the chemist to be bound up, but the chemist fainted. I had to put iodine and bandages on the hand myself, with the poor Greek crying like a baby.

This time, with George, the chemist kept turning his head away and gulping, as though he were about to be sick. We bandaged him up the best we could and pretty soon an

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ambulance came to take him to the hospital.

When I went back to the mill, perhaps three quarters of an hour after the accident, the mill was running full blast again. Joe, the assistant roller, was doing George's work himself. I went out into the billet yard. After a bit, one of the stranders said Al wanted me. I came in.

"Take that down end job the rest of the night, will you?" he asked.

I didn't want to do it, having seen what had happened to George. And I didn't have to do it. Al wasn't my boss. But I did anyhow. Why? I don't know. The mill was short handed, of course, and if I didn't take it, some of the stranders would have to do it when they were supposed to be resting. Maybe that's why I did it. I don't really know.

About five o'clock in the morning, the beginning of that last long hour of the twelve-hour shift, Al asked me to take the job regularly. George would undoubtedly be laid up for a long time and he had to have somebody to fill his place.

It was higher pay. Thirty cents an hour, instead of the twenty-five I was getting, and the chance to make double that some nights. The stranders, finishers, roughers and straighteners were paid on a tonnage basis also, so if the mill turned out a good night's run a man could make six or seven dollars. Al said he would ask the night superintendent, under whom I worked, if it would be all right to take me.

I took the job.

The next night I was a regular millhand instead of a shear gang boss. We heard that George was getting along all right, but that they might have to take his foot off. The body burns would heal up.

The next week old Gardner got burned again. He was a man past forty, an excellent strander, but horribly scarred on the face and neck where a bar had looped around his neck one time. This time he burned his arm quite badly, having slipped and fallen on a bar that was running through the rolls.

Al didn't give me his job, but he moved Willie, the strander next the finishing rolls, over to Gardner's place and gave me Willie's job. He had to break in a new straightener. This was more like it. I was a full-fledged millhand now, with more money than the straightener, even. Stranders got more money on tonnage than straighteners. It was a harder job. But I kept it.

THE stranders and roughers on that mill were a great crew. Old Sam from Tennessee, who had worked in the iron mills at Knoxville, was first rougher. He was short and wiry, with tremendous biceps for so small a man. Straight black hair and high cheek bones, he had. They always called him "Indian." Whether he was or not, I never knew. The second rougher was Robby, a blond young giant from a Missouri farm, who had wandered into the steel mills some years before. They were a wonderful pair and somehow escaped injury month after month.

Then there was Willie, the college boy. He had gone broke in the middle of his sophomore year and got a job in the mills. He became a strander,

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but he wasn't too good. Nervous. Always getting burned. He's dead now. And Steve the Polack. The best strander on the mill. Always cool and collected. He didn't speak English very well but he seemed to have been educated somewhere. I remember hearing that he had been trained for the priesthood in some Balkan country, but I don't know whether it was true or not. He wasn't a Pole, I know that. But he was a Slav of some kind, near enough so that he answered to the name of Polack. Steve's dead, too. He was burned and died from the effects of the burns.

Louis, the strander, was another good one. A tough little ex-pugilist, he could whip a man twice his size. He was one man they never imposed upon. And Gus and Hesse and many others I can't remember clearly. I was the youngest hand on the mill.

We all got along well together. There was something of the spirit of a fraternity among us. All members of the same organization of millhands, eight-inch millhands. Swaggerers, after a fashion. All sharers in hourly danger. Maybe that was why we were friendly. But we looked with scorn on common hands. And with contempt on office workers, even the timekeepers. Any one who came into the mill with a white collar was despised. We made so much more money than any office worker.

And we loved to show off. Lots of visitors came through the mills. When they came we would do all sorts of tricks. Pretend to drop a bar and catch it again, swinging it high in the air. Turn around on one heel, like a basket ball player shooting for a basket. Catch the bar and swing it with one hand. The visitors used to marvel at the way the men could handle that hot steel.

Sometimes there would be a girl in a party of visitors. Most likely she would be open eyed and staring. We were sure we impressed the girls with our fearlessness and abandon in the face of danger. Often we would hear visitors asking if the work was not dangerous, and our chests would puff out as the guide admitted that it was.

I kept the job most of that summer, sometimes on one roll and sometimes on another. Old Gardner recovered from his burns and came back, but by that time Willie was laid up. There was always a spot for me because we never had a full crew. Sometimes we were so short handed that we couldn't get our periods of rest. We might work nine hours out of the twelve, instead of six, as we were supposed to.

But we made money. One day I remember I made ten dollars. The mill had plenty of orders. The furnace worked pretty well and got the steel hot enough, generally. It was a marvel how the heater knew when it was hot enough. He didn't have any thermometer in the furnace, that I remember, and he could only tell by looking at the steel when it was ready to roll. He was a tremendous fellow, a hard drinking, carousing man of about twenty-five, from good Irish stock. His parents had named him Aloysius.

One week I went on the day shift. The roller there was short handed. We had nearly our full complement, so Al loaned me to him. But I didn't like it so well. August, in the vicinity

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of St. Louis, is hot enough at night, but worse in the daytime. The heat from the steel was bad, plenty bad, without the sun to make things worse. So I got back on the night shift as soon as I could.

Once in a while we would hear from George. He was having a bad time with his foot. The doctors succeeded in saving it, but it wouldn't heal very well. Of course, he would never walk normally again. The tendon was destroyed. As I remember it, he was off for three months. He had a hard time supporting his family all that time. Of course, the company paid his hospital and doctor bills and he drew pay under the workmen's compensation act. But it was only fifteen dollars a week. That wasn't very much for his wife and child to live on.

It was not long after I had been put back on the night shift that I got mine.

It was one of those hot, sticky nights when everybody is depressed anyhow. And the mill was slow. Aloysius couldn't seem to get the steel hot fast enough. The gas producers weren't working properly, I guess. At any rate the steel was hard to handle. I was working that night on the stand next to the roughing rolls. We were running heavy bars and the steel was so stiff I couldn't bend it at my stand. I had to let it run out to its full length and drag it back. It was hard work.

Along about ten o'clock the roughers got hold of a billet that was a little cold. They had trouble with it in their rolls and the man on the other side of me pushed and sweated to shove it in to me. I waited, my eye on the guide, for it to come out. It seemed as though it would never come. But it did. I could hear the rolls bang, the way they do when the steel is cold. And it came through. But not straight out, as it was supposed to. It came out with a jump curling straight toward my belly. I didn't have time to think. I couldn't catch it. But I got my tongs in the way and deflected it between my legs. It hit the left one and almost knocked me over. I grabbed the top of the rolls to keep from falling and the hot bar hit the other leg. I climbed up on the rolls and let the rest of it go by.

Al shut the mill down right away and the men all rushed over. My legs hurt a great deal but I was able to walk. Just then I saw another commotion over by the finishing rolls. I could see somebody picking Lee up off the floor. I thought he must have been burned, too. But he hadn't. He'd only fainted. Later he told me that he saw that bar going right into my stomach and he couldn't stand it.

It was a narrow squeak. The worst burn was on my left leg, right in the crotch. If I hadn't knocked it down, that bar would have gone right through me the way the concrete rod had gone through George's foot. I don't wonder that Lee fainted. I almost fainted myself thinking of it. There was another burn just above my left knee and another on my right leg below the knee. Several smaller ones, too, where my overalls had caught on fire. The overalls were sticking to my flesh too, so Al and somebody else cut them off. There was some blood too, because the bar had cut and bruised my leg

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besides burning it. But it didn't hurt so much after a while. They put picric acid on my legs and took me over to the chemist. He didn't do anything much, but put some more picric acid on me and wind some gauze around the burns. It began hurting more then and I couldn't walk without a feeling of dizziness. So Al got a car somewhere and took me to the company doctor, down town.

I don't seem to remember exactly what the doctor did but he put something on the burns, scraped the dirt and scale out of them and put me in the hospital. I would be all right, he said, if infection didn't set in. But I guess the hot steel had cauterized the cuts it had made. Anyhow I didn't get blood poisoning.

I was only in the hospital for a few days. After that I was taken home but I couldn't walk for some time more. In a couple of weeks the doctor said I could go back to work, but to be careful and not get the burns hot. I couldn't work on the rolls and not get them hot, so I asked the superintendent for my old job back on the shear gang. He gave it to me and I never worked on the rolls after that.

It wasn't long after that that I quit working in the steel mills. I joined the Navy and went to war, where a man doesn't have to work so hard and it isn't so dangerous.

Seeds

By Herbert Hartman

Let him who makes a wry face
  Over beauty's pips
Grub in Demogorgon's place
  And smack his mossy lips.

Let him search all Eden through
  For more sustaining fare.
No berry moist with morning dew
  Is half so rich or rare.

Let him seek more luscious fruit
  Through vineyards far renowned.
Beauty's pips take sudden root
  In unsuspected ground.

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Whittling

By John Wright Buckham

A tribute to the State of Vermont, Mr. and Mrs. Coolidge and a significant custom

No one but a native Vermonter can fully appreciate President Coolidge's remark, made shortly before he left the White House, that he was thinking of going back to Vermont for a year or so to *whittle*.

These homely words call up before the Vermonter the picture of a group of seasoned farmers, in front of the village store of a summer evening, or on the sunny side of the barn on a mild day in winter, exchanging views in the deliberate manner of the North Country and whittling. Not that all are whittling. Perhaps only one or two of the company are the whittlers, the rest occasionally glancing sympathetically their way as the big jackknives, with edge well whetted on the grindstone, peel off long, clean shavings from the pine strips chosen from the pile of kindlings adjacent to the majestic woodpile of maple and birch.

It is as if a rural mystic rite were being enacted, creating what the modern pedagogue would call "a group consciousness" — an idea which would provoke a smile from the hard-headed company of whittlers. Or perhaps a solitary figure sits on the back door-step, with bent head, meditatively whittling, as his mind works its way into the grain of some problem, near or remote, while the sounds of the field and barn fall unheeded upon his ears and the old dog sleeps at his feet.

Whittling seems to have served the Vermonter much as his conversation beads do the modern Greek, or knitting the reformed pirate, giving him something to occupy his hands, that his mind may be released for less accustomed activity.

What were the subjects that employed the casual neighborly whittling groups? Not theology — that had lost its prestige with the passing of the Puritan era; not literature — too much of a parlor and lecture-room subject, that; not gossip — not a bit of it, that was left to the "women-folks." What then? (1) politics, (2) weather, (3) crops, (4) the market, (5) cattle and sheep, (6) "Out West" — to go or not to go? — (7) chiefly, horses. The Vermonter was your true and discerning lover of horses, while the horse was still king of the road and the field. His was no mere low-down, race-course-betting interest in horse flesh. It was a

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genuine, sagacious appreciation of the horse as horse. The most famous horse in Addison County when I was a boy was "Dan'l Lambert." No one knew whom "Dan'l" was named for, but his reputation was greater than that of the most successful politician of the day. Waiting at the station at Middlebury in 1920, I fell into conversation with the erstwhile driver of the Addison House bus and he informed me that when the great steed passed away his hide was stuffed, but that it had been burned with the barn in which it was kept. The tone of melancholy in which this latter piece of information was imparted was no slight tribute to equine greatness. Hero worship in Vermont has not always been directed solely manward. Yet the crowning achievement of Vermont equiculture was the famous Morgan stock. Morgan horses were — and I am told still are, in spite of autos and airplanes — the pride of Vermont. How gallantly those tough little heroes of the road pounded off the miles on the hard (when not sticky) clay roads! The Morgan horse is the Pegasus of Vermont, as full of poetry as his Grecian prototype.

Comment on such vital subjects as these aroused the Vermont mind and showed it to be no sluggish clod, like that of the European peasant, but as keen and penetrating as the whittler's knife-blade. The Vermonter's speech, however, has ever been slower than the action of his mind, and is eminently cautious, canny and non-committal. Professor T. R. Glover of Cambridge University once remarked that he thought the Vermonter was accustomed to make up his mind and then pretend to deliberate. The non-committal habit is well illustrated by a typical instance, which occurred in my own acquaintance, of a farmer's boy who had been sent to a family of relatives twelve miles distant to convey an invitation to Thanksgiving dinner and bring back a reply. When, after a not very expeditious return, he drove into the barn, his mother and sister ran out to ask, "Are they coming?" All that could be got from him in reply was, "Prob'ly they will and prob'ly they won't."

The well-known Coolidge stories, "Somebody did," "He won," "He said he was agin' it," and "You know you don't have to," are all inimitable illustrations of Vermont speech and humor. These stories, like the Lincoln stories, deserve to be preserved as reflections of a type of American mind which is rapidly becoming only a tradition.

THE early Vermonter was as self-reliant as he was keen. Whether he worked or whittled, or worshipped or legislated, he was staunchly independent. He began that way. In the annals of political idealism there are few more stirring chapters than that of the founding of the little Independency of Vermont. The Allens (Ethan and Ira), Remember Baker, Seth Warner, and those who gathered about them, were passionate freemen. They defended their grants with unflinching determination, grimly set the "beech seal" on the land-grabbing "Yorkers" and established their miniature republic with a heroism and sagacity that gives them a place of high honor in American history. This spirit is well reflected in the pages of that stirring

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romance, beloved of every Vermont boy, Judge Thomas's *The Green Mountain Boys*. In its grandiose pages one may get a vivid picture of the homespun splendors of those daring days which seem now as far away as those of Saul and David.

The attitude of mind of the founders of the State is well illustrated in a story told of Ethan Allen to the effect that once in passing through the town of Westminster when court was in session the doughty "Colonel" dismounted, hitched his horse and walking into the court room sat down to listen to the trial that was going on. Growing more and more dissatisfied with the slow and technical procedure, he finally arose and stalked to the front, unbuckled his sword and, laying it down on the table, with no little emphasis, addressed the judge as follows: "Your Honor, I don't care for your Blackstones or your white stones or your grave stones. I'll show you the right and wrong of this case." Which he then proceeded to do. The outcome is not recorded.

Ethan Allen's famous book, *The Oracle of Reason* — the full title of which is, *Reason, the Only Oracle of Man; or A Compendious System of Natural Religion, Alternately adorned with Confutations of a Variety of Doctrines incompatible with it* — indicates that the habit of restrained utterance did not settle down upon Vermont until after his day. There are few books which display greater confidence in an ability to solve all the problems of the universe by the unaided exercise of individual reason. No wonder Vermont, with such a heritage, has been characterized by independence. It is related that the Vermont spirit descended upon one of those few renegade (so regarded) deserters from Congregationalism, warden of an Episcopal Church in a Vermont town, who, entering the church on a Sunday morning, beheld lighted candles upon the altar. Aroused to righteous indignation by the sight of this papistical enormity, he stalked sturdily up the aisle, deliberately blew them out, one by one, and went back to his pew — justified.

NO MENTION of the typical Vermonter would come within sight of him which failed to take note of his humor. It was pervasive, as well as evasive — his very own. It came out in the hay-field and on the husking-floor, at the church "sociable," at home in those long sittings at the supper table when the chores were done and the chairs drawn back, in the horse-sheds after church, and at "Town Meetin'," but never more cannily than while whittling.

It was, and is as far as it survives, a whimsical humor, delighting in what is left unsaid and in puncturing self-importance with caustic phrase. A Vermont lawyer sitting in his office absorbed in some urgent papers became dimly aware of some one entering. After a time looking up and perceiving the irate countenance of a self-important stranger, he exclaimed, "Oh! Take a chair. Take two!" Certain spendthrifts, chiefly lawyers — who couldn't afford it but who could retire, more easily than the farmer, their sense of thrift — began to smoke cigars. As in everything else, the Vermonter could tell a good article from a poor one. A friend of

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mine recounts that when he was a student in Williams College he went to Woodstock, Vermont, to visit a classmate of his and one evening was invited by his friend's father to take a walk. As they sauntered down the street the elder man who was fondling a particularly expensive cigar — the mate of which he did not happen to have at hand to offer to the student — suddenly dropped it in the dirt. Hastily picking it up, he brushed it off and exclaimed, "Thank Heaven there's nothing dirtier than tobacco!"

The Vermonter was, and is, thrifty. That goes without saying. He had to be, or his farm would run down and bring upon him the scorn of the town, or perhaps bring him "on the town" — which was the final disgrace and horror, equalled only by the gallows. Yet he and his wife, especially his wife, were something of idealists, too, in their way. There was usually a copy of Longfellow's poems or Will Carleton's *Farm Ballads* on the table, alongside the big family Bible and the stereoscope, in the parlor. In one corner of this highly honored and rarely used room was also a "what-not," covered thickly with sea shells, daguerreotypes, bright colored stones and curiosities. Wax flowers or mounted butterflies, in black walnut frames, adorned the walls alongside the wedding certificate, with photographs of the bride and groom, while not seldom a steel engraving of George Washington and his family, or one of the Rogers' groups of statuary, served as the *chef d'œuvre*.

THE Vermont woman has always been an artist unaware in one of the less renowned realms of art — cookery. Her graham muffins, milk gravy, apple and mince pies, boiled dinners and Indian puddings should have been recognized as far more truly works of art, though more transient, than the embroidery and amateur painting done by the ladies of Boston or Philadelphia.

The virtues and accomplishments of his wife have not been unappreciated by her undemonstrative husband. His loyalty to her may be compared with the traditional loyalty of Vermont to the Republican party. He knows that she and the Republican party were all right once and fondly trusts they will be again.

The allusion to the refractoriness of the Vermont wife does not mean that such a thing has often happened. Quite the contrary. The Vermont woman has had her own qualities, as distinctive as those of the Green Mountain Boy. In the early days she was a gallant pioneer with him and bore her share of the task of hewing out a home in the wilderness with equal courage and greater devotion. Almost as great hardihood was demanded of her after Vermont had become one of the chief agricultural districts of America, for a Vermont farm has ever been an acid test of endurance. This test the Vermont woman has met, as a rule, magnificently — as her husband has (sometimes) realized. No man has been really prouder of his helpmeet than the true Vermonter — though he has seldom told her so. He coined, or recoined, two expressive terms with which to pay tribute to her — in her absence — which are unsurpassed for concentrated complimentary completeness. When a man said of his wife in earlier days that she had

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"faculty" he lifted her to the supreme pinnacle of encomium. By this expressive term he meant that she "had her wits about her" all the time and was equal to every situation from butter-making and Thanksgiving-dinner-getting to child-rearing and neighbor-nursing, and to every emergency, from a hive of bees swarming to a cow getting out of the pasture; and when he added "she's smarter 'n lightnin'" he crowned his tribute with a picturesque and triumphant phrase which it would be "hard to beat."

The Vermont woman had her own sphere of rule as well as of labor; and it was respected. It included the house, from cellar to garret, the shed and big buttery, lined with shelves of milk-pans, and the front dooryard, with its lilacs and cinnamon rose-bush and carefully cherished geraniums. The housewife never worked in the fields or the barn, almost never milked, and though she knew how to "hitch up" as well as her husband, seldom did so, except upon emergency. This was the work of the men-folks and they were as jealous of their realm as the women of theirs. Never a dish did the men-folks wipe, and never a pitchfork or rake did the women-folks touch.

The housewife was usually as well educated as the farmer, having attended the district school and often the academy. Vermont believed in the education of women and was one of the first states to open her University to women, as early as 1871. From the University of Vermont graduated the honored First Lady of the Land who from 1923 to 1929 displayed not only "faculty" but charm sufficient to make the White House a home not only for her own family but for the nation and its guests as well. Vermont is as proud of Mrs. Coolidge as of former President Coolidge.

THERE is one incalculable native asset which Vermont has never fully assessed and appreciated — her natural beauty. The people of the State in general do not realize what a mine of wealth and enjoyment they have at their doors. Nor has the rest of the world realized at how little cost the best literature and music and art can be had — in the country as well as the city. Why should not Vermont set the pace in a return — or an advance — to a simple, refined country life, rich in the highest values? The time has come for a new type of American rural life that will differ widely from the peasant type of Europe and from the big intensive farming of the West — a hill-country type which does not aim to compete for wide markets, nor to get rich, but to *live* and enjoy the values of life near to Nature and also to culture — which can be had today almost as freely as Nature.

The simple life does not require a great deal of wherewithal, but too much scrubbing in the house and grubbing in the soil, to make ends meet, take the romance out of life. Can not Vermonters whittle out an answer to the problem of getting a living, so that this somewhat reluctant but none the less rewarding garden of the Lord may yet become, even more than in the past, not a paradise for the idle, nor a mere summer home for the opulent, but a hearthstone and shrine for true and cultured home-makers?

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The Literary Landscape

by

HERSCHEL BRICKELL

How much effect will our depression have upon the literary output? If the jest of the moment in Wall Street and elsewhere is true, its strongest influence will be in the direction of a considerable reduction through the starvation of authors. Downtown they are saying just now, by way of adding to the Christmas cheer: "Wait until February, 1932, and we'll all be looking back upon 1931 as a boom year." This remark is quoted partly because it is very significant of the existing psychological state; people have reached the point where they dash eagerly about with every bit of bad news, and enjoy being miserable, a human trait that is never wholly absent. Already publishers are looking for ways to trim sail, and finding the most obvious savings may be made through combinations of sales and shipping organizations, a lesson learned in certain European countries long ago. In fact, on this point we have always been far less efficient than the Germans, the Dutch, or the French; what Mr. Hoover delights to call our "rugged individualism" so often gets squarely in the way of our equally vaunted efficiency. The direct effect of these mergers and "understandings" among publishers, to come back to the question of what the depression is going to do to our reading matter, may in time mean a step in the direction of the long-discussed reduction in the number of new books produced. It may conceivably mean a reduction in the average quality of the books published, not an improvement, as so many people seem to expect; it may mean more "merchandise" fiction, intended for department store sales and circulating libraries; it may mean an increase in the publishing of pornography. Naturally enough, all these possibilities will react directly upon authors, whose future as a race has been far brighter than it appears to be at present.

The Public's Inspiration

What the public really needs, a serious-minded friend of the Landscaper said a few days ago, is inspirational literature at a time like this, something to restore faith, not necessarily of a religious nature, but earnest and inspiring. He added: "The publisher who succeeds in getting hold of some books of this sort will have a gold mine." The

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Landscaper looked carefully around among the stacks of recent books for signs of best sellers of this variety, but they were lacking. Among the outstanding recent successes are three or four picture books, of which *Stag at Eve* is a perfect example, smoking-car stories in line and legend, some of them funny and some not so funny. This is the kind of inspirational literature the public really wants when it has a headache. *Stag at Eve*, in case you did not receive it for a Christmas present, is published by Farrar and Rinehart; it is the "sophisticated" humor of the *New Yorker* carried a step — in some instances, several steps — farther. It has been the cause of serious traffic congestion in recent weeks; in fact, oftentimes there have been many times as many people trying to read the jokes in bookshop windows than have been in the shops themselves. Other books of this variety, if you like picture books, are O. Soglow's *Pretty Pictures*, which has a good many drawings of the King, at present one of the favorite characters of a good many of us; *Peter Arno's Circus* (Liveright, $3), which has several drawings that might have graced *Stag at Eve;* and John Held's *The Works of John Held, Jr.* (Ives Washburn, $3). This last volume, which should bring many a reminiscent tear to the eyes of every one belonging, as does the Landscaper, to Mr. Held's own generation, is not helped very much by the quality of the reproduction of Mr. Held's wonderful engravings, but the artist's own work is first-rate. If this volume should bring on an attack of sentimentality, Russell Crouse's *It Seems Like Yesterday* (Doubleday, Doran, $5) is exactly the thing to go on with, a collection of pictures with appropriate text, that will set the memories flooding.

The Busy Way-outers

THE only excuse the Landscaper has for getting under way with a group of such frivolous works is that the public seems to want them. In many respects an even funnier list might have been made up of serious books about the depression. The way-outers are an ever-increasing crop, and if 1932 does succeed in making 1931 look like a boom year, it is safe to predict that several hundred volumes of this sort will be published during the next year, and that publishers will receive several thousand manuscripts solving all the problems of the period, which will be returned promptly to their eager authors. One of the most interesting of books of this general character is Paul M. Mazur's *New Roads to Prosperity* (Viking, $2), Mr. Mazur being a practising banker and economist, who has at least done some thinking about the situation. Mr. Mazur dislikes Mr. Ford intensely, although they have a good deal in common in their thinking. Mr. Mazur still believes in the system that went to smash in 1929, mass-production and sped-up consumption, high wages, short hours, and all the other elements that went into the making of a machine that was a good one while it ran. He has little to say about a subject that is coming increasingly to the fore, namely, the more even distribution of earnings through higher wages and salaries. This is a topic that can be discussed with calmness, since it is so purely academic.

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This unofficial and exceedingly uneconomic observer remains skeptical of the system, probably because of some underlying emotional opposition. At bottom, it needs something like Ellis Parker Butler's deliquescent book to make it work properly. Mr. Butler hopes to save the publishing industry with this invention, a book that will simply liquefy after a given time. At the time the brilliant idea was advanced, the Landscaper suggested that modern science should be able to make a book that would not only deliquesce, but deliquesce into something potable, which would seem to be the perfect combination. There may be a chance for a combination of the publishing and wine-brick industries. . . .

Real Values and Prosperity

DURING the boom times, which we can all remember by straining a little, there was an alarming loss of sight of real values, granting for the moment that there are such things. For example, the automobile industry reached its peak not because it was filling an actual need, but because, with the help of advertising, it had persuaded people that they must buy a new car every year, or oftener. People bought suits of clothes and threw them away not at all because they had fulfilled their function, but because the new suits had longer lapels or fuller trousers. So with hats and shoes, and radios, and electric refrigerators, and millions of other things. It should have been fairly obvious to any sensible person that a prosperity resting upon any such foundation was in constant danger. The real value in all these things was present all the time, merely waiting to be recognized. We are finding out about real values at present. Shall we forget completely if a miracle sets our machine in motion again? Is there a chance that we may know anything like economic stability if the actual needs of the country will not keep our industrial system at work? (This might be a good time for a little lecture on the tariff, but the Landscaper must not stray too far from his own corner.) Naturally the whole fictitious scheme, which, it must be granted, gave the country an astounding period of prosperity, could not have been built up without the ballyhoo of advertising, a business with a pretty bad record on the ethical side, and which could still do with a clean-up. Its dishonesties are more subtle now, but they are still present. Mr. Mazur's book, to return to the starting point of this ramble, is an intelligent piece of work, and well deserves a reading.

Two Hours a Day

A MORE Utopian volume on the same general subject is *America's Tomorrow* by C. C. Furnas, of the faculty of Sheffield Scientific School, which is subtitled: "An Informal Excursion Into the Era of the Two-Hour Working Day" (Funk and Wagnalls, $2). Mr. Furnas thinks we shall satisfactorily dispose of the problem of what to do with our leisure, although the use most of us make of our free time at present gives little ground for such optimism, and that our increasing efficiency will make it possible for us to get all our work done in two hours a day. Allowing an hour a day for conferences of one sort or another, this does

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make the outlook for American business men very bright indeed, and it ought not to be too hard on the laboring classes. As a matter of fact, if Mr. Furnas could just arrange to have it brought about toward the end of the depression, it would be especially appropriate, for people who have had no jobs at all for two years or more could stand the new schedule without pain. The Landscaper would not give the impression that he is opposed on principle to cheerful books such as this, but he finds it hard to overlook the bitter irony of talk of a two-hour day when several million people in the United States would welcome the chance to work twelve or fourteen hours a day for bread and shelter if they could only find jobs. They are, one supposes, merely the victims of a period of transition, which is all right in the long view, but not much help to the victims. Long views are hard to take on empty stomachs.

The University of Chicago Press has recently published a highly provocative small book on *Unemployment as a World Problem*, the Norman Wait Harris Memorial Foundation Lectures, with John Maynard Keynes, Karl Pribram, and E. J. Phelan as contributors, the price being $3. Mr. Keynes argues for the necessity of a mild type of inflation. The thesis of the book is that unemployment can not be satisfactorily handled without world-wide coöperation and that in time some form of super-government must be evolved if the problem is to be handled efficiently. This makes the outlook pretty gloomy just now, with tariff walls being shot skyward in all directions — modern science binds the world together into a compact little bundle, making us all realize as never before that we are parts one of another, and then we raise economic barriers in every direction so as to check the free flow of goods, which some economists, at least, believe is fundamentally necessary to prosperity. In fact, when one looks back upon the passage of our most recent tariff legislation and thinks of its effect on world trade, it is hard to escape the blackest pessimism. (There, the Landscaper had to return to the subject, after promising earlier he would let it alone.)

First Aid to Pessimism

While feeling pessimistic, suppose we read Frank H. Simonds' *Can Europe Keep the Peace?* (Harpers, $3). The answer to Mr. Simonds' question is a thunderous NO! In fact, his book is so full of unrelieved gloom that a good many readers will feel, as did the Landscaper, that things never were quite so bad as they are represented here. Mr. Simonds has had remarkable opportunities for observation, and there are not many phases of human activity that will bear very close scrutiny without inducing pessimism in the observer. But the picture usually has another side. If, however, Mr. Simonds is a major prophet, we'd all better be collecting our fortitude, preparing to make hearty drafts on it during the impending months. Mr. Simonds insists that the Treaty of Versailles must be revised, and a good part of the world no doubt agrees with him, except the French, who hold the key to the situation.

For readers who are seriously

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interested in France's mastery of Europe and its possible consequences, there is a remarkably fine book available, called *War and Diplomacy in the French Republic*, by Frederick L. Schuman of the Department of Political Science in the University of Chicago (Whittlesey House — McGraw-Hill, $4). The subtitle is: "An Inquiry Into Political Motivations and the Control of Foreign Policy." There is an introduction by Quincy Wright. Professor Schuman is also the author of *The American Policy Toward Russia Since 1917*. He gives an admirable survey of the whole background of French foreign policy, sketches the building up of the existing colonial empire, and suggests hopefully that perhaps the League of Nations will be able to avert whatever of menace there lies in the current greatness of a militaristic nation. Since there is no more important factor in world affairs today than French diplomacy and foreign policy, this work should find many readers.

Other recent books in this general field that are interesting and valuable include *Germany Not Guilty in 1914*, by M. H. Cochrane (Stratford), a complete analysis of Bernadotte Schmitt's *Coming of the War, 1914*, and an attempted refutation of Professor Schmitt's arguments, with an introduction by Harry Elmer Barnes.

Count Dumba's Defense

MEMOIRS OF A DIPLOMAT by Constantin Dumba is a book almost certain to arouse controversy because of its presentation of the other side of the case of the War-time Austrian Ambassador to the United States. Little, Brown are the publishers and the price is $4. Josef Redlich of the Harvard Law Faculty has written a brief introduction, in which he points out the work for peace that Dumba has done during recent years, and hopes that American readers will be willing to give him a hearing. Count Dumba was a diplomat of long experience before he came to this country, and it is very difficult to believe that he could have acted so stupidly as it appeared at the time. His story is one of no small historical significance, and good reading besides.

The biography shelf yields some treasure this month, beginning with Philip Guedalla's *Wellington* (Harper, $5), which is in Mr. Guedalla's most dazzling style, and which offers a detailed study of every phase of the life and character of its subject, against a well-executed background of the times. Much of the interest in the book lies in its later chapters, since Mr. Guedalla has emphasized the peace-time activities of the Iron Duke and has tried to balance accounts with the Whig historians who have been anything else but kind to their Tory enemy. There are minor flaws in the large volume — Mr. Guedalla is not very good at battles, for example — but the book is a very real contribution, a full-length of a fascinating subject for portraiture. Then there is *Bret Harte: Argonaut and Exile*, by George R. Stewart, Jr., of the faculty of the University of California, the first definitive biography of an American author whose life is curiously filled with contradictions. Perhaps it will come as a surprise that this chronicler of the life of the West was a good deal of a fop, and found life far more congenial in Europe than in this country. "He

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wrote of frontier ruffians, but wore a monocle," is the way the blurb writer summarizes the situation. Harte was born in Albany, New York, and while he became one of the principal propagandists for California, really hated the State, or so Mr. Stewart reports on good authority. He lived twenty-four years in Europe, passionately American the whole time. Mr. Stewart has had access to many unpublished letters and other family documents, and has given us a thorough and comprehensive job. He has not yielded too far to the temptation to psychologize Harte, and has not attempted to weigh the value of the man's work, as he does not believe a combination of biography and critical study can be done with any degree of success. The Landscaper found his book extremely interesting and worth reading.

More About Maxim Gorky

THE life of another literary man, well removed in space and time from Harte, which is made the richer for the first-hand material it contains, is *Maxim Gorky and His Russia* by Alexander Kaun (Cape and Smith, $5). The author has the advantage of close acquaintance with his subject. The later chapters dealing with Gorky's visit to this country with "a woman not his wife" are well done and highly revealing of the state of mind of Americans at the time. Mark Twain, it will be remembered, championed Gorky, and became the centre of a controversy that shook the nation by so doing. Gorky's amazingly self-revealing autobiography will continue to hold first place for some of us, but Kaun's book is very valuable as a complement.

Those in search of information about potential candidates for the next Democratic nomination will find ample material. Ernest K. Lindley's *Franklin D. Roosevelt: A Career in Progressive Politics* (Bobbs-Merrill, $3) tells all there is to know about an admirable public figure; Frederick Palmer's two-volume work on *Newton D. Baker* (Dodd, Mead, $7.50) is a fine piece of work, and, incidentally, admirable propaganda for the Ohio gentleman who is the Landscaper's choice for the next nomination. Baker's record will surprise a good many people, no doubt. Governor Albert Ritchie's life-story has not yet been told, so far as the Landscaper knows. On the other side of the fence, there are already a number of lives of Mr. Hoover available, and despite all rumors to the contrary, this observer does not believe it will be necessary to inform ourselves about any one else, not even Mr. Dawes and light-wines-and-beer. . . .

Mrs. Jefferson Davis

STUDENTS of Civil War History will find much of interest in the second volume of *Varina Howell, Wife of Jefferson Davis*, by Eron Rowland (Mrs. Dunbar Rowland), just published by Macmillan at $4. This volume covers the war years, and especially with regard to Seward has Mrs. Rowland broken a good deal of fresh ground. There has always been discussion concerning the amount of influence Mrs. Davis exerted on her husband's policies and public acts, and Mrs. Rowland has interesting light to throw upon this

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subject, as well as many others. Mrs. Davis was a woman of energy, character and intelligence, who knew life in all its transports and all its bitterness. A great deal of research has gone into the writing of this fine book, which is a permanent contribution to the history of a period that will have perennial interest for this country. Despite all that has been written about Davis himself, there are many questions about his character and personality that remain unsettled, and Mrs. Rowland helps us to see him from new angles. Mrs. Davis insisted upon having him greater than all those about him, and it is likely that this wifely vanity found a ready response in a man of great pride, much of whose strength lay in his certainty that he and his cause were right. Regardless of all this, however, Varina Howell is an interesting person in her own right and Mrs. Rowland has done a highly successful portrait of her.

One of the current biographies the Landscaper has not had a chance at, but which occupies a position high up on his list of unread books, is Frank Harris's *Bernard Shaw* (Simon and Schuster). Once a good many years ago, the Landscaper went to hear the redoubtable Harris lecture one Sunday afternoon in his Ninth Street quarters. The subject announced was "Jesus and Shakespeare," and Harris talked for two hours about himself. This was typical of his whole career. He was an egomaniac, beyond question, and one hears that he remained an egomaniac to the end. But a book by Frank Harris in collaboration with Shaw could not be other than highly entertaining; its mere existence is remarkable enough, and Shaw's help in putting out so revealing a volume another tribute to his honesty, or his passion for publicity. Speaking of Harris, Faro, Incorporated, have published *The Private Life of Frank Harris* by Samuel Roth, who is the head of the company just mentioned. Mr. Roth is a stormy petrel; he has often been in trouble with the censor, and deservedly, at least in some instances. He knew Harris, but most of his book is borrowed from Harris's own writings, including the autobiography, which now outsells *Ulysses* to Americans in Paris. It is, in fact, an astonishing attempt to take advantage of the talk that has gone on about the psychopathic revelations of Harris; Mr. Roth is also the publisher of an expurgated edition of *Lady Chatterley's Lover* and of a sequel to the Lawrence novel. He is likewise the publisher of *The Strange Career of President Hoover* by John Hammill, a scurrilous attack on the President that is being read by more decent people than one might expect. There ought to be something to say about Mr. Roth, but the Landscaper can not think of the words, except that he and his kind make things very hard for other authors and publishers who believe in free speech. It is a disagreeable subject: Let's leave it, but not without noting the dedication to *The Private Life of Frank Harris*, which reads "To Clement Wood, the only other man in America I know who could turn this trick." President Hoover has said nothing about suing for libel, but Clement Wood should. . . .

Word has just come in of the suppression of the Hoover book, which is hardly a loss to history or literature.

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Mr. John Winkler Again

OTHER recent biographies that have passed this way without receiving as much time as they would seem to deserve include Charles C. Baldwin's *Stanford White* (Dodd, Mead, $3.50); and John R. Winkler's *Incredible Carnegie* (Vanguard, $3.50). The Landscaper thoroughly enjoyed Mr. Winkler on the subject of Rockefeller and Morgan, and he has probably done as good a job with the Scot he has somewhere characterized as a "greedy little gentleman." There is a fine air of irreverence in Mr. Winkler's approach to his models; he can look a stack of gold dollars right in the eagles without a trace of knee-bending, and this is a healthy attitude. There has never been any reason for taking our millionaires seriously, unless we are ready to admit that an overdose of the predatory instinct is the most admirable thing in life.

Perhaps there will be a chance later for the Stanford White book. Speaking as one who has had many moments of pleasure from the surviving buildings of White, and as one who has often felt a sense of distress that most people know him only as the man killed by Harry Thaw, the Landscaper knows he would enjoy a sympathetic biography.

One of these days we shall need a large library to hold the books about Abraham Lincoln. Considering the fact that he lived a good deal less than a century ago, the amount of "hitherto unpublished" material concerning him that turns up every few months is simply astounding. In fact there is so much published already that there seems very little chance to know the man, and we might as well reconcile ourselves to having him a myth. These remarks are prompted by the appearance of a two-volume work by Emanuel Hertz called *Abraham Lincoln: A New Portrait* (Liveright, two volumes, $10). There is an introduction by Nicholas Murray Butler. Mr. Hertz worships Lincoln, so his findings do not offer any titillating scandal. His industry is prodigious; is it possible that still more Lincoln material exists?

Important Novels to Come

THIS is between-seasons for fiction, but there will be plenty along in due time. The Landscaper hears, for example, that such distinguished novelists as James Boyd, Julia Peterkin, Manuel Komroff, Louis Bromfield, Isabel Paterson, and a half dozen others of equal interest, are well enough along with books to be reasonably sure that we shall have the pleasure of reading them in 1932. Christopher Morley's *Swiss Family Manhattan* (Doubleday, Doran, $2), a novelette in satirical vein, is already at hand, and offers the material for a pleasant evening. It is the story of a journey to the United States by a Swiss clerk in the League of Nations offices, with his family, consisting of a wife and two sons. Their airship is wrecked and they find themselves marooned high in the air on a skyscraper under construction. The clerk becomes a lecturer and his wife a speakeasy proprietor; later they open a filling station and hot dog stand, and settle down to be good Americans. This is a deft tale, with a good deal of sly humor, but its satire does not cut

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very deep, and it will not greatly enhance its author's reputation. It is his first novel since *Thunder on the Left*. That most remarkable author, Ben Ames Williams, who is able, apparently, to turn loose his entire 267 pounds in producing fiction, has done a readable tale of an opera singer in *Honeyflow* (Dutton, $2.50). Starting with the story when the singer is an orphan in New England and tracing her career to the end of her days at the Metropolitan, Mr. Williams manages to produce a credible portrait of a woman of genius; the author has made his reputation with popular stuff, but he can actually write better and more interestingly than a lot of his highbrow and more pretentious fellows.

Off to a rousing start is Frederick Lewis Allen's *Only Yesterday* (Harper's, $3.00), a patchwork history of the Nineteen Twenties, written by a gentleman, who like a lot of the rest of us, lived through the period. This is a better title than Mr. Crouse's *It Seems Like Yesterday*, which belongs to a more remote period: the Twenties were only yesterday, but Mr. Allen knows that they seem much, much farther off. Time moves very quickly nowadays, partly, no doubt, because physical points of orientation disappear overnight, and ideas on many subjects change just as fast. Mr. Allen has used the Mark Sullivan method in writing his history of the Twenties, and the scornful may call it journalism, but it is good journalism; indeed, the Landscaper is not convinced that it isn't better history than accounts of political and military campaigns. Mr. Allen even writes about Coolidge prosperity, and what he says has a far-off ring as if he were discussing a period of inflation in the valley of the Ganges, 5000 B.C. . . . His is an enjoyable book and deserves the success it is certain to have.

Comments on the Stage

ANOTHER book that will interest intelligent Americans is R.Dana Skinner's *Our Changing Theatre* (Lincoln MacVeagh-The Dial Press, $3). Mr. Skinner is the dramatic critic for that fine Catholic Weekly, the *Commonweal*. He has a point of view; he thinks the theatre would be better off for a return to the romantic tradition, with glamour. He has spent some thirty years observing American plays, and so writes from a background of experience. His prose is chaste and ordered, clear and logical, so that it is a pleasure to read him, whether one agrees or not.

Still another distinctly American book that heartily deserves reading is Fred T. Pasley's *Muscling In* (Ives Washburn, $2). Mr. Pasley wrote an excellent biography of Mr. Al Capone. He knows a lot about gangsters and racketeers. *Muscling In* is an account of the advance of this gentry from a connection with such illegitimate industries as rum-running to pretty nearly every industry of any importance in the country. Books of this sort ought to evoke a good deal of indignation on the part of the citizens whose pocketbooks are hit by the racketeers; at any rate, here is the evidence. Mr. Pasley believes that Prohibition helped racketeering to get a hold on the country which is rapidly becoming so tight that not

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even a revocation of the Volstead Act would enable us to smash it. Prohibitionists will not enjoy *Muscling In*. Mr. Pasley believes the racketeers get a good deal more than enough graft every year to take care of all our unemployed and leave something over. He has done an alarming and valuable book; if somebody doesn't do something about the situation the fault will not be his.

A Wise and Funny Book

OTHERWISE, the Landscaper gazes upon a miscellaneous collection of books on a very wide variety of subjects. Before going on to these, he asks for a chance to mention again the funniest book of 1931, and one of the wisest, Will Cuppy's *How to Tell Your Friends from the Apes*. Mr. Cuppy is recognized as an excellent reviewer of detective stories and a humorist of parts; he has never had anything like his due as a philosopher. It will not be news to the followers of this department that the Landscaper is but little impressed with the run of contemporary philosophers, but Cuppy is another matter. He is practical, although it can not be denied that there are metaphysical implications in many of his remarks about birds and animals, or about "Modern Man, Or The Nervous Wreck." It has been said that the answers to all the problems of existence are to be found in Mr. Cuppy's new book, which may be a slight exaggeration, but there are plenty of answers to plenty of questions, and many a good laugh besides. It is not often that the Landscaper pleads with his clients to spend money, but *How to Tell Your Friends from the Apes* is worth what it costs, and will be even if by the time this is published we have gone off the gold standard.

One of the handsomest of the year's books in trade editions is Paul Rodier's *The Romance of French Weaving* (Stokes, $10), a book which the Landscaper picked up without any feeling of burning interest, and which he found at once was not at all easy to lay aside. M. Rodier, whose own fabrics are widely known, has soaked up everything there seems to be to know about weaving in France, and has used his material to excellent advantage. There are many fine illustrations and if you did not use the book for a Christmas present, make a note somewhere that any friend you have who is intelligent and curious would enjoy owning a copy.

A Variety of Books

THE *Romance of Transportation* by Allison Hawks (Crowell, $3), is an admirably done volume on all forms of transportation, with many pictures; *Through the Dragon's Eyes* by L. A. Arlington (Smith and Long, $5) is a first-hand account of fifty years' service by an Englishman in the Chinese Navy, Customs, and Postoffice; *Strange Intelligence:* Memoirs of the Naval Secret Service by Hector C. Bywater and H. C. Ferraby (Smith and Long), is an interesting account of a branch of the service about which very little is known by the public; and *Radio and Education, 1931* (University of Chicago Press, $3) is a record of the proceedings of the National Advisory Council of Radio in Education which

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should interest a good many people. Some of the remarks of men like Millikan about the possibilities of radio in education inspire the Landscaper with terror; what a dreadful instrument of propaganda is the radio! Granted that it has wonderful potentialities in education, greater, perhaps, than anything since the invention of the printing press, it is hard to be optimistic when one observes some of the things that have happened because of Gutenberg's invention, and its concomitant, universal literacy. It is well, however, that educators plan to make some practical use of the air; after all, it should not be entirely filled with advertising matter.

A book of very general usefulness to the population of America is *Getting a Divorce*, by Isabel Drummond, a lawyer who lives in Philadelphia. It is published by Knopf and contains all the information any one might need, a practical handbook, in other words, and quite interesting to read as well. It might do as a gift to some of your friends whose bonds are beginning to gall, although the etiquette of such matters is still somewhat doubtful.

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The Reader's Turn

A Department of Comment and Controversy

Agnostic Retort

By Harry Elmer Barnes

I note that Dr. Gaebelein returns to the fray in the December issue of The North American Review with his usual urbanity and an article of appropriate title.

I am quite willing to leave the essentials of the argument with my original article, but it might be worth while to sprinkle a few drops of clarifying water to settle the dust and give readers a precise glimpse of the terrain traversed.

(1) Dr. Gaebelein charges that I fail to grasp "the easily verifiable effect of rebirth and conversion."

I have not challenged the remarkable transforming effects of religious experience. I have only demanded that these phenomena be subjected to the scrutiny of scientific psychology and their real character understood. Doctors in the time of Hippocrates and Galen knew that men were sick, but they had little or no knowledge of the real causes and nature of the maladies. Dr. Gaebelein cites the "blind man at the pool of Siloam" as though this were a verifiable historical episode, when the most elementary knowledge of history and Biblical scholarship would indicate that the presumptions are all against any such hypothesis. All the scholar of today insists is that we understand that religious experience, however transforming, is the product of secular psychological factors in the human personality, not the result of divine revelation or mediation.

(2) Dr. Gaebelein falls back upon missions as a definitive proof of the reality of religious experience.

No sane person doubts the powerful effect of supernaturalism over the minds of men — even over so excellent a mind as that of Dr. Gaebelein. Certainly supernaturalism is tremendously potent with simple primitives. Their pre-Christian supernaturalism has already done fearful and wonderful things with them. As another version of supernaturalism, Christianity may certainly transform their lives, but so can and does Mohammedanism, Buddhism, New Thought, etc.

Nor is the fact that the Bible has been translated into 900 or more languages any significant contribution to human progress, if one holds that the reading of the Bible in any language is of little consequence in our Twentieth Century civilization, and that parts of the Bible could not well exert other than a harmful influence on any thoughtful believer. If missions could demonstrate the translation of the more important works of Wells, Havelock Ellis, Stuart Chase and others into 900 languages we might be far more gratified.

I am no apologist for Anthony Comstock, but the burden of proof is on Dr. Gaebelein to show that Paul was possessed of any more healthy or powerful mind than Anthony, and he certainly did not possess any more fierce energy in carrying out God's will as he understood it.

It may be conceded that John Chalmers did good in New Guinea. So could any devoted and decent man, whether a Christian or not and whether in New Guinea or New Mexico. What the pious Chalmers did in New Guinea was thoroughly matched by what the skeptic, Robert Owen, did in New Lanark a century and more back.

The Abels may have taught the natives that "head-hunting, infanticide, and ceremonial cannibalism are actually sinful and thus outrageous in the sight of a loving Heavenly Father." But it may be doubted whether the Abels gave them instruction in

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history to show that cruel Jewish customs, heresy-hunting and its bloody results, the horrors of the Inquisition and torture, the devastating religious wars, and wage-slavery and economic oppression, have been tolerated by this same "loving Heavenly Father."

Dr. Gaebelein asks us to match a Raymond Lull, David Livingstone *et al.* by any product of non-Christian sociology. We can easily point to innumerable intrepid and devoted explorers and scientists who have risked their lives in the hope of adding to the sum total of human knowledge and thus to the progress of the race. In the old perspective, soul-saving would certainly have to be placed ahead of discovery, but hardly in the perspective of 1932 A.D. To be specific, Walter Reed might be matched against any of the martyrs of missions.

The matter of missions can not be settled by reference to any one article in the *American Mercury* or elsewhere. Against the one cited by Dr. Gaebelein might be put an earlier one on *The Part Time Missionary* exposing the dubious economic activities of many missionaries. To judge missions exclusively by either of these articles would be notoriously unfair. Over against Dr. Gaebelein's laudatory reference to foreign missions might be set the calm strictures of Julian Huxley and others as to what missions have done to retard or debase native civilization.

But the most conclusive argument is that we show sheer audacity in going abroad to Christianize as long as we permit the most "un-Christian" abuses to flourish and prosper unabated throughout this fair land of ours. It should be hard to look an overseas native in the eye as long as the blots of Centralia, Gastonia, Marion, Harlan, Mooney and Billings, Sacco and Vanzetti and the like are spread across our own map.

(3) As to the relative numerical strength of Christianity and Mohammedanism, Dr. Gaebelein forgets that Dr. Zwemer is not only a student of the Moslems but also an ardent Christian minister. He is likely to cite the population sources most favorable to Christianity. But this is not an important point. Much more relevant are Dr. Gaebelein's references to the "unspeakable Turk" and other slighting observations on Mohammedanism. He fails to remember the fact that the Mohammedans developed a far higher civilization than the Christians during the Middle Ages. Further, he seems to have overlooked the fact that Mustapha Kemal has shown statesmanship of a far higher order than any Christian political leader of the post-War era.

(4) Dr. Gaebelein is willing at one point to rest the whole case for Christianity upon the fact that a drunkard was converted and cured by a verse from the eighth chapter of Romans. He asks us to match that by the achievements of science. We proceed without hesitation. Skilled psychiatrists and physicians are permanently curing thousands of alcoholic addicts each year by a technique which does not depend upon chance and unusual concatenations of experience.

(5) He further asks us to match a Jerry McAuley by a product of materialistic evolution. Well, we may produce Clarence Darrow forthwith, certainly a far more useful type of public-spirited citizen than the sentimentally fanatic McAuley.

(6) Dr. Gaebelein returns to the issue of Biblical criticism.

Perhaps some conservative theologians hold that the term "day" means an indeterminate period of time. But that is not what the Jews meant when they wrote down this term in Genesis. They meant twenty-four hours, no more nor less.

Dr. Gaebelein reiterates his assertion that the mass of orthodox believers do not hold that God dictated the Bible. Well, certainly the burden of proof of any such contention is on him not me. Further, if they do not, they must have great logical difficulty in maintaining most of their beliefs and practices. Perhaps Dr. Gaebelein and Dr. Machen do not, but their notions have no bearing on the beliefs of a Southern Baptist elder.

As to Jericho, we have never argued anywhere that it was not an historic city. What we object to is the assertion that Joshua's band toppled it in the dust. We

(*Continued on page X*)

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Notes of a Cosmopolitan

By Barbara E. Scott

In 1832 when Goethe passed from the world of men in his narrow little room in Weimar, very few Americans knew much of his life, or cared about it. But Goethe knew a great deal about the United States and maintained a steady interest in the progress Americans were making toward the establishment of a younger and fresher civilization. That is, perhaps, one reason that many of us will be making our way to Germany this year, for with the passing of time we have grown ever more aware of Goethe and his deep significance in the world of broader thinking. Germany is recognizing this and paying just tribute to her great poet-philosopher by dedicating this, the one hundredth year since his death, as "Goethe Year" in Germany.

Anniversary Week in Weimar

Many noted Americans who are Goethe students, as well as representatives from Columbia, Princeton, Illinois State and other universities in the United States, will take part in the ceremonies commemorating the occasion in Weimar, where Goethe lived the greater part of his active life, and for many years held the post of Minister of State. Anniversary Week in Weimar will be from March 20 to 28, but the celebration will continue through the summer and in various parts of Germany, particularly in those places more intimately associated with recollections of Geothe, such as Frankfurt, where he was born, Jena, Erfut where he met Napoleon, Wetzlar which knew him in the days of the writing of his first novel *Werther*, and Wiesbaden where as an old gentleman he took the cure, and walked through the forest paths and along the promenades with charming young girls whom he loved to tease and whose conversation always amused him. Special tours will be planned with English-speaking guides for those who desire to visit all these places made more memorable because they once knew the great Goethe.

When Goethe Came to Weimar

None of these towns, however, had quite such a direct bearing on his life as did Weimar, that quaint sleepy little spot in Thuringia which existed in the Ninth Century and was still existing nine centuries later, when its young Erbprinz, Karl August, then just eighteen and an ardent admirer of Goethe because of *Werther*, had Captain von Knebel of his suite bring the young author to pay his respects. Goethe made so favorable an impression on the Prince that he was invited to follow him to Weimar, and a few days later the Royal Chamberlain was sent to conduct the young poet to the sleepy little village that was, nevertheless, to open a new life to Goethe. This little corner of Thuringia became infinitely dear to him as the years passed, though his first impressions must have been anything but startling, for Weimar then lay quite off the great post road leading from Leipzig to Frankfurt, had only some six thousand inhabitants, and seemed entirely without the world of enterprise such as he had known in the busy marts of Frankfurt. But what Weimar lacked in enterprise was more than compensated to Goethe by the influential position he occupied at the Prince's court, and by the select circle of people in which he was now to move. In Frankfurt he had gathered about him a few isolated admirers of his poetry and ideas, but in Weimar he awakened a host of them, for, "Karl August," writes Bielschowsky, "made Weimar a centre of culture which cast its illuminating and warming rays over the whole of Germany, overtowered Berlin and Vienna in intellectual power, and in fact, could be considered the true capital of Germany." It may be somewhat significant, too, that in August 1919, it was at Weimar that the

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New Germany was given its Constitution, and in the Erbprinz Hotel its completion was celebrated.

In the Erbprinz Hotel

THIS famous old inn has sheltered travelers for more than one hundred and eighty years, and though its fine Eighteenth Century furniture is still used, and the appearance and arrangements of the rooms have changed little, it has been treated to entirely new plumbing throughout, electric lights, and even telephones installed in many of the bedrooms, so that you may now enjoy Weimar in an hotel where all the luxuries of our modern ways prevail, yet the atmosphere retains the colorful enchantment of a romantic past.

Friendship of Schiller and Goethe

WHEN you think that Goethe lived for fifty-six years in Weimar, it is not easy to select a single thread of his rich life to follow. But one of the most satisfying, it seems to me, was his deep affection for Schiller. They met first on his return from that momentous journey to Italy of which it has been written, "No one event in Goethe's life was a greater determining factor than his Italian journey. It made him a new man." He found Schiller in Weimar when he reached home, his plays being produced at that time over half of Germany, but at first the elder man felt little enthusiasm for Schiller's youthful dramas and maintained a rather reserved attitude toward their author. It was through Goethe, however, that Schiller secured a professorship at Jena a year later. When Schiller asked Goethe to contribute to the magazine he had established, the two poets found a mutual basis of understanding. This ripened into a warm friendship which never lessened. With *Xenien* — those sharp masterly epigrams directed against mediocrity, they won together the leading place in the German literary world. It was due to Schiller that Goethe resumed work on *Faust*, which had lain long untouched, and Goethe took the most active interest in *Wallenstein*, Schiller's greatest dramatic work, which was produced at the Weimar Theatre under the direction of Goethe. As they worked together in connection with the Weimar Court Theatre, Schiller finally came to make Weimar his permanent home.

Schiller's house in Weimar was just a stone's throw from Goethe's, but as they were both ill at the same time, they could not visit each other with the comfort they so longed to give. When Schiller died, no one dared tell Goethe. When he finally realized that Schiller had gone, he wrote, "I felt as if I had lost myself, and I have lost a friend whom to lose is the loss of half my being."

The houses of both poets are in Weimar today, looking much as they did when they knew the very presence of their owners, and each one is filled with fond remembrances of the past. The friendly association and friendship of Goethe and Schiller is recalled again and again at Weimar. You realize it in the Goethe-Schiller monument in front of the theatre, and though the theatre is not the same, it is built just where the old one stood; and again in the Goethe-Schiller archives, where, if you are fond of old manuscripts you will love to linger. They are kept in a building erected purposely for them on the edge of the Park, northeast of the Schloss.

During the National Goethe celebration in Weimar, which will begin in March and continue until the 15th of September, many important events have been planned. On the 22nd of March the Memorial celebration in Weimar Hall will be held in the presence of the President of the German Reich: next day the corner stone of the extension of the Goethe National Museum will be laid, and Goethe's dramas will be performed every night.

Vivid Sweden

RECENTLY when talking with a friend who had just returned from an extensive tour of Sweden, I asked what had impressed her most about the country, and without a moment's hesitation she replied, "Its delectable freshness!" No one who has visited Sweden will gainsay this. The complexions of the people give them a vivid look; the dresses of the women, who affect much white in the summer time, accents this air of crispness; the viewpoint of the people

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on any subject they may tackle is vigorous, their art and architecture untrammeled, and, not unlike the donor of the Nobel Prizes, their eyes are continually expectant of the newest and best in many lines. There is still that same "Sunday gladness" about them that Hans Anderson remarked on his visit there. No wonder that people enjoy Sweden.

Founding of Stockholm

EVEN the founding of Stockholm was rather original. It happened in the wild days of Birgir Jarl when Russian pirates continually raided the Swedish coast. One particular town received such constant attention from the Russians that they resolved to find safer quarters, so without delay they packed their goods and chattels, placed them on rafts, and declared, rather recklessly it seems to us, that wherever the raft drifted there would they build their new home. Fortunately the wind and tide that fateful day were not seaward, but carried them up into the broad stretches of Lake Mälar, and here, on several small islands, the "Queen of the North" had her modest beginnings. Today Stockholm has spread her skirts over many islands, and smart little steamers weave back and forth, in and out among them like so many busy shuttles, keeping her interests well woven into one delightful pattern. All the guidebooks ever penned about Stockholm have never snared her charm. Certainly you must know where to go and what to see, but these mundane necessities just seem to arrange themselves in this accommodating Nordic stronghold, and you are left free to keep your head in the clouds as day by day the charm and delight of this northern capital grows upon the imagination.

There is the Royal Castle at Stockholm wearing somewhat the air of the Doges Palace at Venice as you see it when the northern sky flames in the gorgeous hues of a Turner sunset. Drottningholm Castle, too, is well worth a visit, being one of the most perfect of the royal dwellings designed under the influence of those inimitable Frenchmen, the two Tessins. Then there is the old Riddarholm Church founded in 1284, so appropriately known as the "Westminster Abbey" of Sweden, and though it is pretty well filled with tombs and reminders of a dead past, it has, to brighten it, an intriguing collection of coats-of-arms on copper — "The Order of the Seraphim" — dating from 1748 and having a total membership of 500 knights. And Sweden, for all its democratic ways, still has its Riddarholm, or House of Nobles, one of the finest buildings in Sweden, also, as it happens, designed by Frenchmen.

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Sweden's Man of Genius — Nobel

SWEDEN has contributed to the world of genius along many divergent lines. Every year we are reminded by the awarding of the Nobel prizes (which have recently been awarded to Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia University, and Miss Jane Addams on behalf of their peace efforts), of that curious paradox of a man, Alfred Bernhard Nobel, who invented dynamite and other powerful explosives connected with war, and in his will stipulated that the great bulk of his fortune be devoted to the foundation of the now famous Nobel Prizes for rewarding those whose works most vigorously overcome the ignorance which leads to wars, and for the promotion of peace. Besides being a great chemist, Nobel was an

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inveterate letter-writer, a traveler, and broad-minded and cosmopolitan to a degree. He was, strangely enough, one of those who contributed largely to the support of the ill-fated balloon expedition of S. A. Andre, whose remains were discovered not long ago in the frozen North.

Linnaeus — the Nature Lover

CARL LINNAEUS, whose very name is associated with nature (for Linnaeus means Linden-tree man) brought renown to Sweden through his great passion for flowers and growing things. Even when, as a slip of a child he wept over something, if his mother placed a flower in his hands his sobbing would cease — and when he was but eight, he had a garden all his own, bringing to it plants which he gathered for miles around. His particularly favorite spot in Sweden was Dalecarlia, where he never ceased to wonder over the vast beauty and variety of the flowers, and where those of us who visit its birch-brushed paths today love to linger, though we may be torn between admiration for the vivid costumes of the peasants and the gay flowers, while Linnaeus saw only the flowers. Later he became professor of botany at the great Swedish University at Upsalla, where hundreds of students came to study with him from all parts of Europe and America, and we can just imagine him when, on Wednesdays and Saturdays he took his pupils for excursions into the woods, blowing his trumpet gaily — the signal that all were to stop and examine some new-found plant. Though he was offered many inducements to live in other countries, he preferred his native Sweden and never deserted her. Hans Anderson wrote of Linnaeus, "whose genius opened our eyes for the plant world, who unveiled to us the toad-stool, and showed us there was more art in it than in the labyrinths of antiquity."

When Jenny Lind Was a Little Girl

OUR own beloved Jenny Lind was of course really "the Swedish Nightingale." She was born in Stockholm, the daughter of a lace manufacturer in poor circumstances, and once, when very young as she sang in the chorus of a theatre there, lost her voice and sat in the wings weeping in dire sorrow and poverty. Yet the years were just around the corner when she was to receive four thousand pounds per annum, and an offer from the Czar of all the Russias of eleven thousand pounds for a two months' engagement in Moscow, besides all the love and admiration she evoked in America when she stepped ashore at Castle Garden and wrung the hearts of those who heard her sing *Home Sweet Home*.

Then there is that virile group of artists and craftsmen whose work has endeared them to the world for having given their inward sympathy and idealism to us in visible and outward forms — Carl Larsson, Anders Zorn (another of those Dalecarlians who loved to paint the peasants in their gay costumes), Bruno Liljefors — and oh so many others, besides the Swedish authors with whose works each year we grow more enamoured, and of whom there are far too many to even begin to mention.

Have You Seen London?

EVERYBODY who has tried to see London will cheerfully admit that no living man has done it. There was a time, perhaps a little after the Stuart days, when it might be seen, but after that it began to stretch out in such enormous strides that even a familiar acquaintance began to grow remote. Nevertheless, everybody who has been to London has cherished glimpses of that sprawling giant that stand out to them as London. Perhaps it is the size of that saddle of mutton you sampled at Simpson's on the Strand, or a group of Cockney urchins making their toilets on a bench in Kensington Gardens, or tea out under the trees at Kew, or what you find of London from the top of a bus. My favorite way of seeing London is to lean both elbows on the broad coping of London Bridge and see it swirl past. Between five and seven in the evening is the best time, when the crowds mill by in an eager restlessness to be home, the sky takes on that peculiar blue that quivers only above great cities, lights sparkle in the shadows; the graceful steeple of St. Dunstan's, the Tower Keep, the Port of London Authority's Building merge with the dusk and become grey fantoms with the rest of London's

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bulky buildings. Only the Tower Bridge catches the light and hovers like some dream castle above the darkening river.

On the "Isle of Dogs"

But it is scarcely the panorama, or the people, or the broad horizon that draws you back and back to this fascinating spot. It is the Thames — that restless black highway forever bringing and carrying away, bringing and carrying away. Down below the bridge its banks are thick with great ships of every nationality and build — loading and unloading, cranes swinging and groaning, men moving in and out of the turmoil with silent purpose. Broad-nosed barges find berth in slips that look far too small for them. Swift, skittish steam-tugs hover in mid-stream forever on the lookout for incoming vessels to swing deftly to their wharves. Did you know that big bend in the Thames below London Bridge is the "Isle of Dogs," the very heart of dockland? The Port of London is so immense — some seventy miles from Notre to Teddington — that you can only get a notion of it bit by bit. You may be going along the street, not supposing you are anywhere near the docks, when suddenly you spy a funnel or a mast flying the Blue Peter hobnobbing with a group of tipsy chimney pots. Mr. Morley puts this well when he writes, "London swallows its ships, each one a morsel, as deftly and as neatly as a warehouse swallows titbits of tea and tobacco. The ships come up with the tide — and vanish."

London's Docks at Close Range

To see the docks at close range — and who has not dreamed of traveling the West India Docks Road to see Lascars, Malays, West Indians and Scandinavians all singing and swearing together — it is best to go round to the Port of London Authority (Trinity Square, E. C. No. 3) and get a pass which will take you right on one of the docks. Of course you will have to choose your dock, and that will not be as easy as you think, for they all have so many interesting aspects. The London Dock has its far-famed ivory floors, where some of the tusks on view have been stored for years by African chieftains. Here also are the wine and spirit vaults where some of the stocks have been held for fifty and seventy-five years, and the brandy vaults which alone cover four and one-half acres.

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At the London and St. Katherine docks you will find the great wool warehouses where such care is taken to prevent fires that the insurance rate is the lowest in the world. There is a device here for displaying forty thousand bales of wool for inspection at a time, thus expediting the work of both buyers and inspectors. The wool trade is one of the most ancient in Britain, and it is interesting to note in passing that the word "stevedore" which we apply to any one loading a ship's cargo, originally pertained solely to a man who squeezed wool into the black hold of ships. Tobacco, timber, spices, tea — each have their special dock, and whichever you may fancy for a visit will disclose a little world you never dreamed of in London, even on the Isle of Dogs.

When the Thames Was London's Highway

There was a time when the Thames was the chief highway of London, and except for the ferries, London Bridge was the only way of crossing. Long stairways led down to the water's edge and here congregated the

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watermen and bargers, more noted for their continuous flow of bad language than for their fleetness. Their cries of "Eastward Ho" and "Westward Ho," no longer echo, for their day passed long ago, but the river police dart about, three together always, in their fast little boats keeping the river safe for all comers. Headquarters of the river police is at Wapping, which reminds me of an old English songbook with engraved title pages that numbered among its intriguing numbers one called *Wapping Old Stairs*. Wapping, by the way, was the old time site of Execution Dock, where so many river pirates met their end.

Life on Old London Bridge

But to climb back from the docks to London Bridge again. The proudest days of old London Bridge were those of Elizabeth's reign, when its sides were lined with the shops of London's richest merchants, the narrow roadway which straggled across it flanked by timbered houses leaning giddily over its much traveled length. It had its chapel, its houses, shops, and even a drawbridge. In fact it was virtually a miniature city in itself. Across its length came kings and heroes, all entering London by way of London Bridge. There was nothing dreamy about life on the Bridge. From the time that the first stone bridge was flung across the river under the supervision of a monk, one Peter of Colechurch, in 1176 (though there had been London Bridges across this same place since the days of the Romans) and for six centuries after, it witnessed everything from the rush of mobs to stately marriages, from processions to tournaments, the greatest of these being that between Sir David Lindsay of Glenesk, Scotland and the English Ambassador to Scotland, Lord Wells. But finally all these goings-on became too much for the old bridge. She grew top-heavy and little by little her glory faded until in 1766 her last great water gate was removed. Then London Bridge made way for that upstart, Westminster Bridge. But not for long. She is back again with true British persistence, and though not lined with the houses of merchant princes, she is always lined with dreamers, and in the glow of the sunset it is easy to bring back all her ancient glory.

The Reader's Turn

(*Continued from page 192*)

hold that this is as unlikely as that a Paul Whiteman serenade would send the Empire State Building crashing into the street.

I have not asserted that the New Testament is a "tissue of errors and forgeries," though there is plenty of evidence to support such a view, Harnack notwithstanding. What I have asserted, which is a mere commonplace, is that the New Testament is a product of folklore, tradition, hearsay, gossip and imagination, most inadequately preserved and compiled, and subjected to many changes after the first texts were written down.

Dr. Gaebelein cites Mencken's statement that "the historicity of Jesus is no longer seriously questioned by any one, Christian or unbeliever." Now Dr. Gaebelein would not take Mencken so seriously in passages which opposed his views, so it is rather ungracious for him to bring him forward in this connection. But waiving this, the plain fact is that this was a grave slip on Mencken's part. Mencken would certainly not regard Georges Brandes as "nobody." Nor can he very well ignore Kalthoff, Drews, Robertson, Mead, W. B. Smith, Whittaker, Carpenter and a host of others who know much more about the New Testament and its times than Mr. Mencken or myself will ever know. I have already stated that I believe Jesus was an historical character, but we gain nothing by insisting on a non-existent certainty.

As to my knowledge or ignorance of Biblical history and criticism, I will settle that by referring interested readers to my writings on religious subjects and inviting comparison with those of Dr. Gaebelein. The proof of the pudding is in the eating.

(7) Dr. Gaebelein objects to my listing Dr. J. Gresham Machen with the Fundamentalists. Obviously he is a more literate man than "Two Gun" Norris. But his views on the Bible and religion are not different. Dr. Machen should simply know better; hence, he is more to be condemned than Norris or Maasse. When a man resigns from Princeton Theological Seminary because it is too radical in its theological doctrines, it should not be hard to classify him in theological thought.

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(8) The power of prayer and its results can hardly be tested by reference to any one case. If it brought orphanages to George Müller, we might with equal logic say that God wrecked the Erie Railroad in response to the frantic prayers of Daniel Drew, one of the most ardent "prayers" in the whole history of Christendom.

A Question

By H. B.

Being a comparatively new reader of the Review, I have received a number of impressions of the magazine, which, unclouded by much knowledge of your past tradition, you may be interested in hearing.

I refer mainly to your fiction. Taking the last three issues (November, December and January), I note a decided uniformity of feeling in all the stories. That is, the stories, with the possible exception of Josephine Johnson's *Mark*, all broadly belong to a realistic school; they are concerned with plot or a natural portrayal of character rather than with the consciousness of man as such. Thus they are not the finely chiseled bits of intellectual emotionalism such as Joyce does abstrusely, as Katherine Mansfield does simply, as Hemingway (sometimes) does (sometimes) forcibly. In other words you seem to eschew the story whose greatest criticism is that it reaches from one small group to another small group (though professing the greatest universality) and is concerned with but an atom of experience in consciousness (though usually presented symbolically in action). That the larger groups of readers should be professedly incapable of entering, of sharing, this supposedly restricted field is another question — they can so facilely share an infinite variety of the other thing: of human existence expressed only in terms of plotted action.

Be that as it may, the writing of incidents in consciousness, of incidents in action expressive of a state of consciousness, is today very much alive. Granting The North American Review to be an intelligent and progressive magazine, it is a question in my mind as to the wisdom of the exclusion of this type of work.

On the other hand, I think the things you do print are good. The writing is masculine, and the stories are decidedly to the point. They attempt not so very much, it is true; but what they do attempt, they accomplish.

One more query — why the emphasis on the West and South and North? I make a plea for a little more expressed intelligence; not necessarily the politeness of a Henry James, nor the brilliance of a Proust or Huxley, but merely an occasional interpretation of an intelligent man and woman, in civilized surroundings, with civilized (and so more complex, if less vivid) problems. Especially I feel this in such an organ as The North American Review; the Review, as I understand it, does stand for a certain high level of thought, rather than for a "discovery of America" — the discovery of drama in the factory or desire on the farm — however true, interesting and worthy of expression these last may be. Vitality can become as tiring as degeneracy; can't we have a more even division of interest?

A Defender Appears

By Curtis Amerman

Mr. estcourt and Miss Rowland may happily be numbered among those determinedly serious persons whom the world stands in such need of in these frivolous days of depression. There are so few of us left today to take a sober view of anything.

It seems futile to explain that an article may be basically sound and yet contain phrases at which one may smile. Satirical writing must forever be labeled plainly, or willy-nilly, it will be construed with frowns and torment.

Or is it only that every one of us has a tender spot in his beliefs on which the smallest drop of humor smarts like salt? With some it is Sex, with some Mother, with some the Flag; here, obviously, it is War, and that perhaps is a charitable explanation of the two letters denouncing so strenuously Mr. Wertenbaker and his *Why Not Another War*.

His appeal, in brief, is merely for sense rather than sentimentality in attacking our present problems; that any one should take seriously his playing with logic and romping with battle shows superficial reading.

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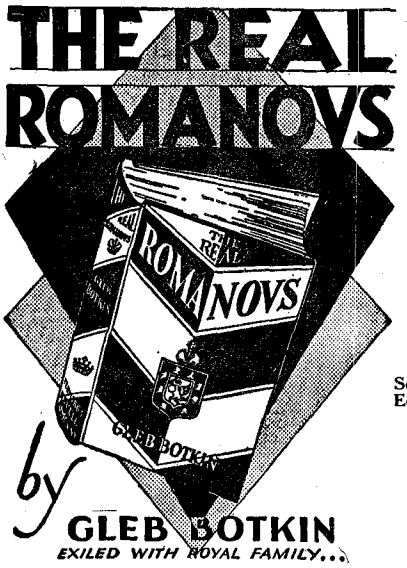

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Financial Outlook

(*Continued from page III*)

Of much greater importance is the probability that some sort of wage reduction will be accepted by railway labor. This move should have been made months ago, of course, and the delay has destroyed a great deal of its value. Nevertheless, anything which increases railroad earnings can only be interpreted as bullish.

Prediction

A WALL STREET friend recently informed me that the last time we had a depression as bad as this, it lasted for four hundred years and was known as the Dark Ages. If I remember correctly, it was he who explained to me, three years ago, the New Era theory.

Commodities

IN MY opinion, the commodity situation has very much improved during the last year. There are certain very simple economic laws affecting commodities which now — as always — are at work.

When the selling price of a commodity is less than the cost of production, production tends to diminish. During the first year of the present depression, the action of this fundamental law was impeded by various factors. Little curtailment in fact took place. This, however, is no longer the case. Farmers all over the country have given up sowing crops for sale, and are attempting merely to get their living from the land. Copper producers have at last found an agreement to curtail production. The flow of oil wells is being regulated. All along the line people are abandoning the ridiculous practice of producing things which can only be sold at a loss. This movement can, of course, have only one effect — rising prices. When the tide will turn, I do not attempt to predict, but forces are now in operation which will inevitably bring about a change.

Ford

RUMORS persist that Mr. Ford is going to bring out a new eight-cylinder car that will embody many new features. This prospect has caused a good deal of selling in the securities of other automobile companies. If the rumor has a true foundation, and Mr. Ford's new car is a success, the steel business and the country at large will be materially benefited.

Conclusion

THE financial and business outlook is still disappointing. Certain factors are unquestionably working for improvement but so far net results are small. Construction contracts continue to recede, steel mill activity, railroad car loadings, electric power production, and all of the other indexes of business activity fail to give a hint of improvement. Worst of all, of course, is the bond market situation. It may safely be said that until there is real improvement here, there can be little hope for anything else. There are many bargains in the bond market, but people will hold off making commitments until they feel reassured that prices are not going still lower.

I still feel that recovery may be right around the corner. Tomorrow it may come into sight, but, until it does, a policy of conservation is undoubtedly the wisest.

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